

The INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

VOL. XXXVIII. No. 150

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AUGUST, 1909

THE COLLECTION OF HUGO REISINGER I. GERMAN AND AMERICAN PICTURES BY CHRISTIAN BRINTON

WHILE it is manifestly impossible to overestimate the influence of such institutions as the Louvre, the Hermitage, the Prado, the museums of Florence, the national galleries of London and Berlin, and our own Metropolitan Museum of Art, it should, nevertheless, not be forgotten that the private collection, through its smaller compass and more distinct individuality of choice, possesses claims which no public gallery can duplicate. At its best the museum is a necessary expedient, not the ideal solution of a baffling problem. It is all too patent that pictures were never meant to confront the hapless spectator in regimental formation. Art viewed in the bulk, as is the case with any of these vast barracks for beauty, is art neutralized and reduced to a common denominator of educational efficacy. Art seen at leisure, in the persuasive atmosphere of a private residence, is art personalized and given a touch of exclusiveness which, it must be confessed, in no wise lessens its inherent appeal. With a somewhat ingenuous lack of perspective in such matters most of us fall into the habit of thinking that pictures were primarily created to fill museums rather than to adorn palace, cathedral or home, an idea which is frankly fostered by the fact that so many purchase paintings not to live with but for the ultimate prestige of presenting them to the public. Art in the abstract is thus practically losing all relation to daily life. It has become something which exists apart from our customary surroundings. We now flock to exhibitions and museums, as to churches, seeking that esthetic or spiritual uplift which no longer obtains near at hand. We are gregarious and democratic in our artistic enthusiasms. We worship beauty, as it were, in the market place.

Although such is beyond question the general

rule, there are, however, welcome exceptions, and it is a matter for congratulation that certain of our wealthy connoisseurs are to-day gathering about them admirable examples of painting, pottery and bronzes, with which they live upon intimate and habitual rather than formal or official terms. Of no collector is this more true than of Mr. Hugo Reisinger, who is already well known to the public through his generous and successful efforts in promoting the notable display of contemporary German art lately seen at the Metropolitan Museum and elsewhere in America. Though the owner of a large number of fine canvases Mr. Reisinger, in the strict sense of the term, does not boast what is conventionally considered a picture gallery. There is no spot in his spacious and handsome New York residence that is specifically consecrated to art. Paintings and bronzes are constantly in evidence—in the hallway, the salon, the dining-room, the den, the library, the music room, on the stairways and in the bedrooms. They greet you everywhere in discreet profusion. They seem, above all, to form part of the actual, quotidian existence of those who dwell among them, and thus go much further toward fulfilling their original function than is often the case. The most distinctive feature of this collection, as a whole, is its pronounced modernity. It is the colorful and stimulating art of to-day which Mr. Reisinger alone gathers about him and of which he is an acknowledged patron and champion. To a strictly contemporary choice he has added another significant quality, and that is a wholesome eclecticism. Mr. Reisinger is in no sense a narrow specialist in his favorite field. While in this collection the modern German school naturally predominates, the Americans, Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Scandinavians and others are accorded ample recognition. In the matter of subject there is, perhaps, a leaning toward landscape, yet that, indeed, is but an added proof of the advanced character of this particular connoisseur's predilections.

Numerically the strongest, and also the most com-

Mr. Reisinger's Collection



POLO PLAYERS

BY MAX LIEBERMANN

prehensively selected, it will be fitting to consider first the German work, and, for obvious reasons, the American painters will be treated next in order. In point of fact, modern German and latter-day American art are not only contemporaneous but often definitely parallel in their development. At best they are both but a generation or so old, German painting having achieved independent expression only after the Franco-Prussian War, and the rise of a sound, indigenous American school dating from about the same period or a trifle later. Although each received its initial impetus from the Frenchmen of the day, it is not without significance to note that the Teutons were alike the first in the field and the quickest to free themselves from foreign influence. That isolated and amazing pioneer of modern German art, Adolf von Menzel, was actually sketching about the boulevards, the animated squares and in the theaters of Paris as early as 1855, the year of Whistler's arrival fresh from his experience with the United States Coast Survey in Washington. While it was not until some time later that such men as Leibl, Liebermann and von Uhde crossed the Rhine into France, even they preceded by several

years our own Sargent, Melchers, Alexander, Tarbell, Hitchcock, Weir, Hassam, Metcalf, Redfield and Reid. Yet in each instance the sojourn proved correspondingly beneficial. The Germans regained their frontiers, carrying with them, as did the Americans overseas, the same unforgettable lessons in freedom of treatment and atmospheric truth. Within a score of years of the century's close the seed of modern art had, in short, been scattered broadcast over the world to spring forth everywhere after its own fashion.

While he often went to Paris later, and became the friend of Meissonier and other Frenchmen of the day, it cannot be held that Menzel, save, perhaps, in his *Théâtre Gymnase* and certain garden or café scenes, retained much of the Gallic spirit, nor does the vigorously observed pastel of a *Man Reading* in Mr. Reisinger's library reveal any perceptible tendency of the sort. It was not, in fact, either the explicit Menzel or the supreme fantasist of the south, Arnold Böcklin, nor yet the somber and philosophical Lenbach who fell under French domination. They were too positive and independent to submit to any sort of tutelage, being content to work out



DANISH LANDSCAPE

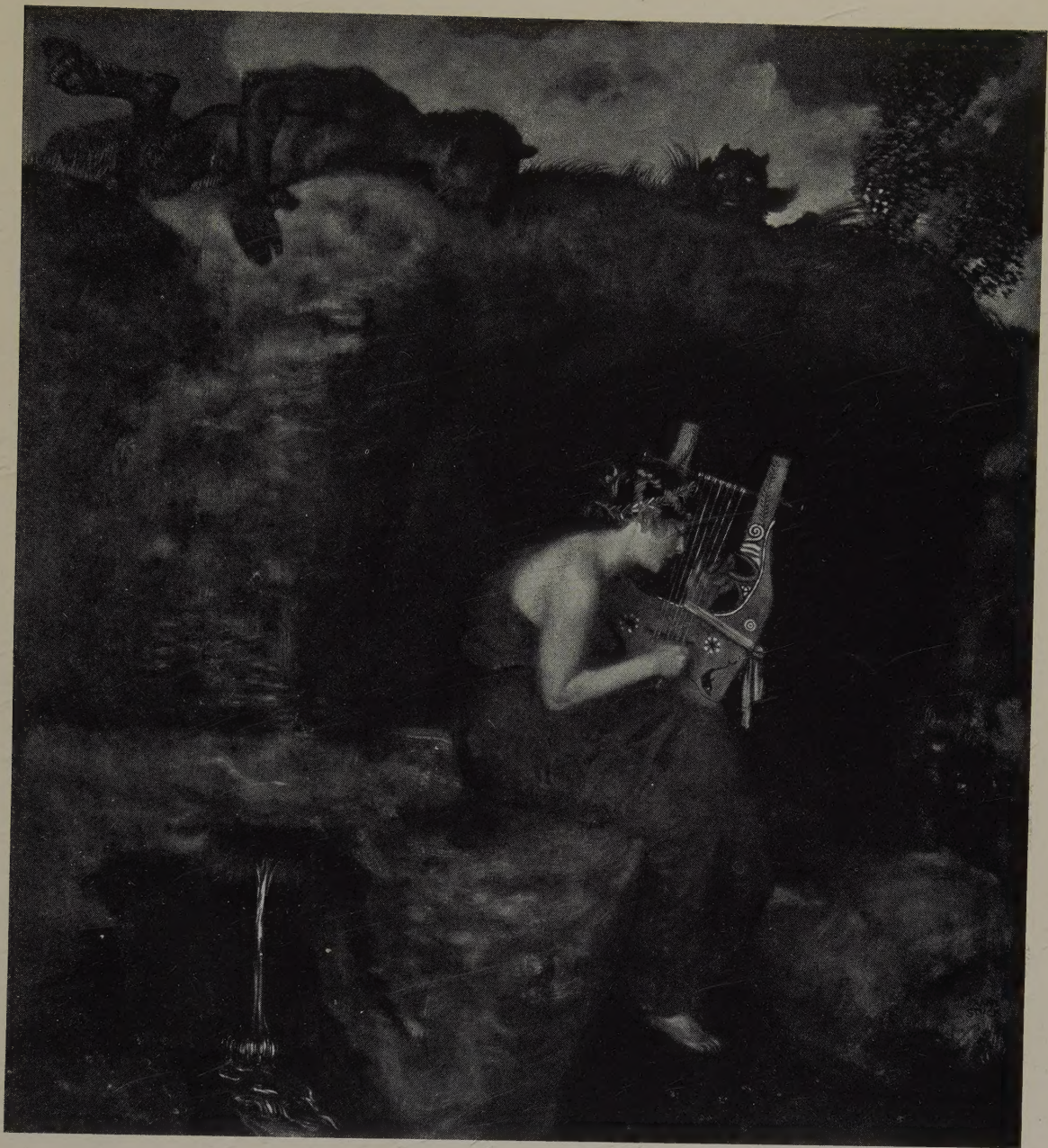
BY WALTER LEISTIKOW



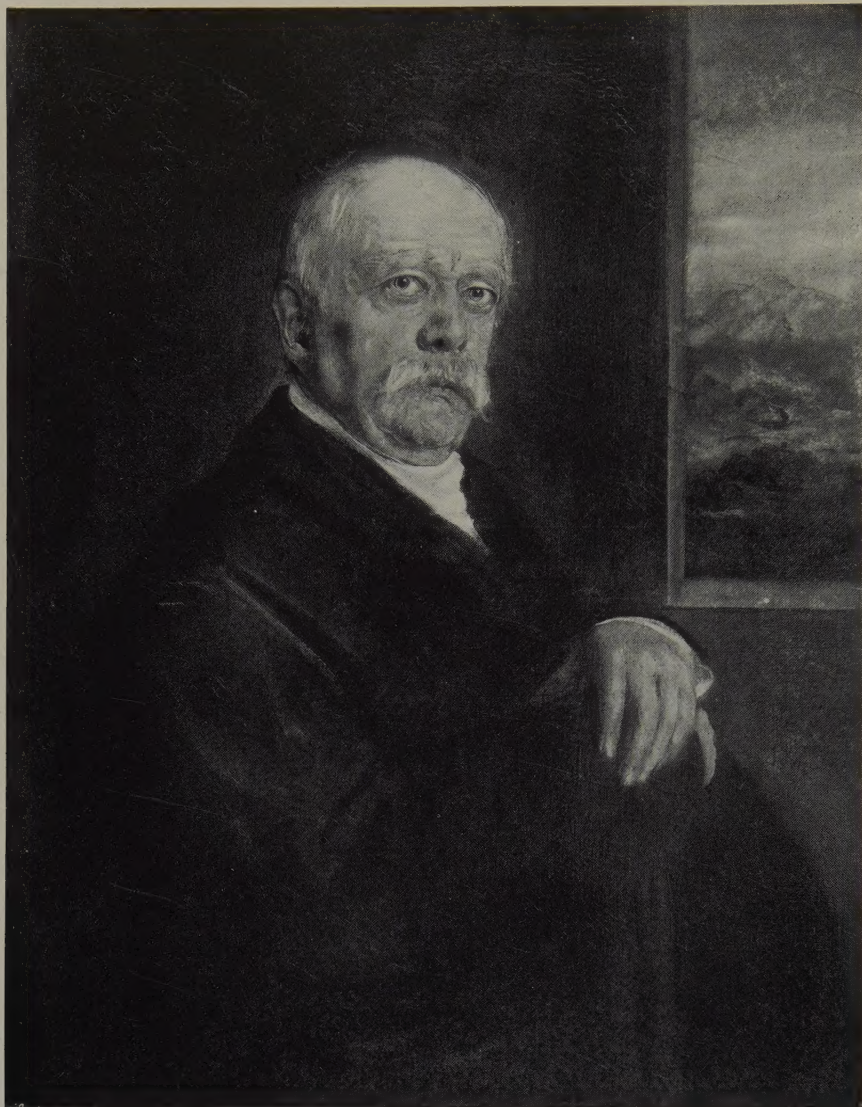
"HARVEST AT BROOMIEKNOWE," FROM THE
OIL PAINTING BY WILLIAM MCTAGGART, R.S.A.

(By permission of Mrs. McOmish Dutt.)





LISTENING FAUNS
BY FRANZ VON STUCK



BISMARCK

BY FRANZ LENBACH

their own salvation as native temperament and circumstances might dictate. Of this sturdy trio, who are among the veritable pillars of modern Teutonic art, Mr. Reisinger owns, in addition to the Menzel pastel already mentioned, a finely romantic *At the Spring*, from the magical brush of Böcklin, and two important Lenbachs, one of which—the likeness of Bismarck—is, perhaps, the prize canvas of the entire collection. While this particular Böcklin may not show that torrent of color and stress of action which so often illumine the great Swiss barbarian's work, it reveals a deeply poetic feeling and a quiet imaginative fervor. The portrait of Bismarck occupies a distinguished place, even among the numerous presentments of the Iron Chancellor which Lenbach

executed during a friendship of twenty years' standing. While simple in pose and arrangement, it is a singularly powerful and impressive personal record. It depicts Bismarck after his retirement and has the distinction of having been painted direct from life at the old statesman's retreat in Friedrichsruh. Both these canvases, as well as Lenbach's three-quarter length nude female figure, entitled *Ecstasy*, were loaned to the Exhibition of Contemporary German Art, and, quite inevitably, were among the most-admired pictures on view.

Of the men belonging to what may be termed the middle period of modern German art, Mr. Reisinger boasts one Leibl,

one Thoma, one von Uhde, two typical Liebermanns, replete with graphic vivacity, and numerous interior scenes and landscapes of commensurate merit. Essential as such canvases undoubtedly are to any inclusive survey of the subject, it is, nevertheless, upon his more recent and independent acquisitions that Mr. Reisinger's reputation as a progressive and discerning connoisseur chiefly rests. He is the first consistent patron in this country, and among the foremost anywhere, of the work of those younger and bolder spirits who are to-day so gallantly upholding the validity of later Teutonic esthetic ideals. Upon these walls one cannot fail to note the prominence accorded such men as Stuck, Zügel, Habermann, Leo



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THE TWO SISTERS
BY GARI MELCHERS



Mr. Reisinger's Collection



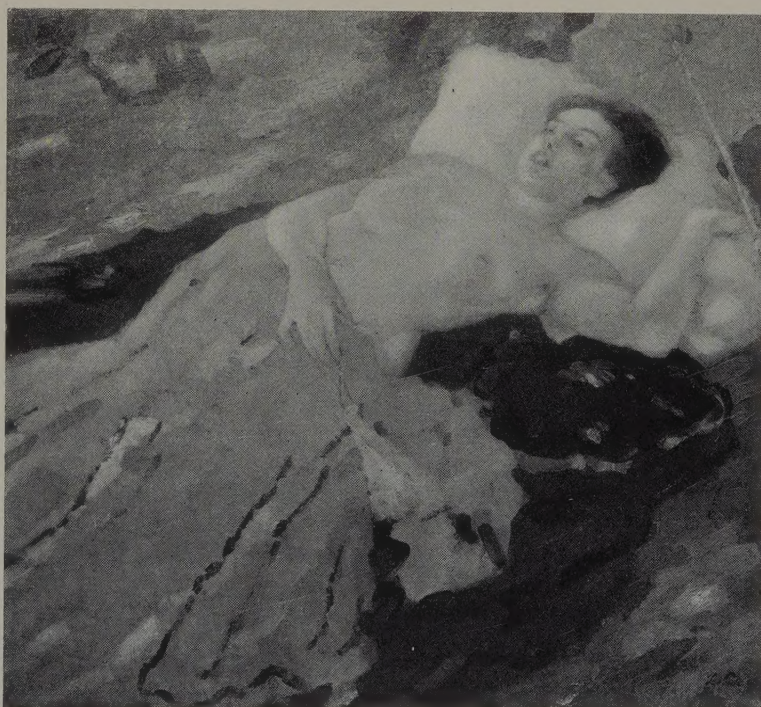
BOYS BATHING

BY MAX LIEBERMANN

Putz, Adolf Münzer and other leaders of the Secession and the Scholle. It is manifestly interesting and fruitful to compare their methods and achievements with those of their immediate predecessors. The newer men are triumphantly free and fearless. The painstaking, almost myopic observation of Menzel, the brooding intensity of Böcklin and the naive and patient archaism of Thoma have been ruthlessly swept aside in order to make room for fresher effects and less restricted treatment. With Stuck's *Listening Fauns*, with Zügel's superbly sound and atmospheric animal studies and the fluent and opulent palettes of Putz and Münzer, the break with tradition has become well-nigh final. German art here speaks its own language, unrestrained by convention and independent of external influences. It frankly rejoices in the present, caring little for the past and looking toward the future with splendid confidence.

Mr. Reisinger is especially fortunate in his trinity of Stuck canvases, which are fully typical of the Munich master's turgid paganism and rich and dark pigmentation. Of all the artists in the collection Heinrich von Zügel, however, finds the most complete representation, Mr. Reisinger counting no less than five works from the brush of this man, who today has no superior in his delineation of domestic animals. The art of Zügel is no mere Bavarian town-farmerdom. He paints with a sincerity, a beauty of coloration and a majestic strength of outline which are at present unequaled in

his particular province. In connection with Zügel mention must be made of his friend and pupil, Schramm-Zittau, who has done for the poultry yard what the elder master has for his beloved sheep and oxen, and of whose work the present collection con-



SUMMER AFTERNOON

BY LEO PUTZ

Mr. Reisinger's Collection



AT THE SPRING

BY ARNOLD BÖCKLIN

tains more than one appropriate example. These men are both confirmed impressionists, but, as with their colleagues in every department of contemporary German art, this impressionism is assimilative, not imitative. They have taken only that which was innately congenial to their taste and temperament and in the process it has been completely transmuted. Even more characteristic of the general tendency of Teutonic painting toward simplification of style is the work of the nature poets, Walter Leistikow and Ludwig Dill, each of whom is here represented by a single fine canvas. Mr. Reisinger's Leistikow is not one of those structurally rigid Grunewald scenes which, to some minds, seem too severely formal, but a soft and ambient Danish landscape of singular charm of color and design. The Dill, which shows a stretch of Dachau moor with tall trees cutting the composition in bold perpendiculars, is a correspondingly happy acquisition. Equally modern in feeling, though of quite another type, are the three Habermanns, the largest of which, entitled *In the Studio*, is one of the ablest works this emotionally eloquent artist has thus far placed to his credit. It is unnecessary further to particularize or to note in detail more of these canvases, which, one and all,

reveal a taste that is both comprehensive and discriminating. To the foregoing names may be added those of Bartels, Hofmann, Kampf, Kuehl, Klinger, Keller, Skarbina, Schönleber and Trübner, all of whom find adequate representation, and each of whom does his share toward giving strength and diversity to the collection as a whole. They are the makers of modern German art, these men. Their sense of esthetic values is not, perhaps, so delicately adjusted as might be, yet they reveal a vigor, a sincerity and a restless striving toward adequate self expression which to-day finds no equivalent in the production of any other nation.

Of less importance, numerically, than the Germans, though selected with similar independence of judgment, are the American painters, who, in Mr. Reisinger's selection, run the gamut all the way from the scrupulous and sensitive Whistler to the robust and colorful Melchers, and, with Dabo, back again to Whistler. The head of the little girl, by Whistler, which gazes confidently at you from the walls of the music room, is one of the most exquisite among his later works. She looms softly out of the frame, with just a touch of pink in her cheeks and a hint of cherry red on the lips. The painting was fin-

Mr. Reisinger's Collection



IN THE STUDIO

BY HUGO VON HABERMANN

ished not long before this greatest of all American artists crossed the Channel to make his final home in London. Mr. Melchers's chief contribution, which is entitled *The Sisters*, is the large canvas first exhibited with such success at the Berlin Academy two years ago. It is one of his familiar Dutch scenes, with figures in the foreground and the sparse dunes and red-tiled roofs of Egmond rising right to the top of the composition at the back. Clear and daring in tone, and full of homely and touching humanity, the picture is one which would hold its own in any gallery, and naturally ranks high among Mr. Reisinger's treasures. Aside from these two examples of figure-painting, to which must be added Mr. Melchers's portrait of Mr. Reisinger's father and

Charles W. Hawthorne's *Fisherboy's Return*, the majority of the American pictures are landscapes. A convinced believer in the preeminence of the contemporary American landscape school, Mr. Reisinger has surrounded himself with numerous examples from the violet or sun-tipped brushes of Mr. Twachtman, Mr. Hassam, Mr. Metcalf, Mr. Weir, Mr. Redfield and Mr. Reid, nor has he neglected to include the strong marines of Mr. Dougherty or the phantom evocations of Mr. Dabo, who, by the way, is far more warmly appreciated in Germany than in the city where for years he has made his home.

In the main the American painters appear to flattering advantage, yet while Mr. Hassam's *Sunset* and Mr. Metcalf's *Dogwood Blossoms* are in their

Mr. Reisinger's Collection



SHEEP AND SHEPHERD

BY HEINRICH VON ZÜGEL

authors' most congenial vein, they are, nevertheless, somewhat overshadowed by the dominant mastery of Mr. Redfield's *December* and the delicate, fairy-like tracery of the late Mr. Twachtman's *Wild Cherry Tree*.

These two artists seem to have gone, each in his own way, somewhat beyond their colleagues. Mr. Redfield has clearly found his true path. There can, however, be little quarrel over men whose aims are at once so refreshing and so individual, and who are manifestly endeavoring to cast off all foreign and, more specifically, all Gallic inspiration. That they have possibly not done so with the same emphasis as have certain of the later Germans should not be a matter for wonder.

At once more receptive and more imitative than our Teutonic friends, we naturally require more time to achieve artistic autonomy than they. And, too, there is much in our composition which is more directly akin to the French than to the German temperament. With such men as Redfield and Winslow

Homer, of whom Mr. Reisinger, by the way, possesses a single but characteristic water color entitled *A Rocky Coast*, there is, happily, no further question of esthetic Franco-Americanism. These two painters, at least, are fundamentally native and racial. They stand, not without a certain robust consciousness, upon a firm basis of nationalism. In the face of such achievement as they, and to a lesser degree, the others have placed to their credit, there is small danger that America will ever relapse into a state of artistic dependence. The collection of Mr. Reisinger amply proves that the home

product is qualified to maintain its position beside the very best modern art of to-day. C. B.

A SECOND illustrated article on Mr. Reisinger's collection will appear in next month's issue, describing the French, Dutch, Scandinavian and other painters represented, including some pictures by the Glasgow men. Among the bronzes are examples by Rodin, Falguière, Mercié and others.



BLACK FOREST LANDSCAPE

BY HANS THOMA

William McTaggart, R.S.A.

WILLIAM McTAGGART,
R.S.A., PAINTER OF SEA
AND LAND. BY ALEX-
ANDER EDDINGTON.

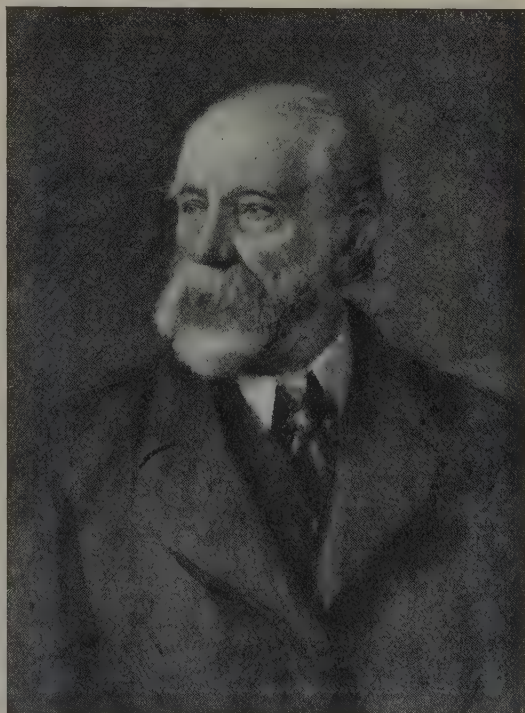
AN intense and passionate love of nature is the dominant characteristic of the Celtic temperament. To the Anglo-Saxon certain aspects of nature inspire dread or fear. In the old Celtic literature there is no sense of hostility between man and Nature in her wildest or gloomiest moods; the Celt gloried in the great expanses of earth and sea and sky, was sensitive to every passing phase, easily stirred to emotional activity and responded alike to the influences of storm and sunshine. He loved Nature for herself, thinking not of what she might produce for him in the way of utility. He delighted in the contemplation of the beautiful, and rose to the glories of the sublime.

It is this pure innate love of nature that is the inspiring source of the work of Mr. McTaggart. It is found in his early pictures, but becomes more and more evident with the passing of the years until latterly humanity takes its place not as something superior to but part of the nature he seeks to paint. His career has been a consistent artistic progression with no looking backward or divergence into wayward paths. It has been a progression from grave to gay, from a limited field to a wide horizon, from the definite and the minute to the freedom of mastery over the means of expression, until in these latter days there is no British landscape painter who has a more complete power of presenting Nature in her richest and most glorious effulgence of brilliant sunlight than is possessed by Mr. McTaggart. He dazzles by the force of the impression he produces. Others excel him in repose, equal or even surpass him in the mystery and witchery of certain aspects of nature, but no Scottish artist approaches him in placing on canvas a full and complete orchestration of colour or in the realisation of motion, whether it be in cloud, in wave, in vegetation or in the figure.

Born in the parish of Campbeltown, where his father was a farmer, Mr. McTaggart as a boy, working entirely on his own initiative, commenced to model from clay on the farm. Apprenticed at the age of twelve to Dr. Buchanan, who dispensed his own medicines, McTaggart utilised his considerable spare time in drawing crayon portraits, and then painted in oil, though he had neither the benefit of teaching nor example. Armed with an intro-

duction to Sir (then Mr.) Daniel Macnee, he went to Glasgow, and after spending a short time in portrait painting in that city he followed Mr. Macnee's suggestion and removed to Edinburgh, where he entered the Trustees Academy and became a pupil of Robert Scott Lauder. There he worked in association with Orchardson, Pettie, Paul Chalmers and Hugh Cameron, remaining for seven years under Scott Lauder's guiding influence and also taking some lessons in anatomy. Like others of his "brither Scots" Mr. McTaggart made excursions to Ireland, not for the study of landscape but on portrait painting expeditions to provide the wherewithal to carry on the winter studies in Edinburgh.

It was in the exhibitions of the Hibernian Society in Dublin that Mr. McTaggart first showed examples of his work, not appearing as an exhibitor in Edinburgh until 1855 with portraits in water colour. Three years afterwards he showed five subject pictures, and from then onwards portraiture gradually fell into a subsidiary position, though never wholly disappearing from the range of his art. In 1861, his first landscape, *The Cornfield*, was exhibited. It is a noteworthy tribute to the quality of Mr. McTaggart's work that while still a scholar he was in 1859 elected an associate of the Academy



PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM McTAGGART, R.S.A.
BY HENRY W. KERR, R.S.A.

William McTaggart, R.S.A.

at the same time as J. C. Wintour and Hugh Cameron, both of them artists who afterwards achieved distinction. During this period Mr. McTaggart showed the pre-Raphaelite influence which is very evident in his *Past and Present*, painted the year after he gained associate rank. This influence was not only manifest in technique, but in theme, and for some years afterwards there was a marked choice of serious subjects for his *genre* pictures. Even late in the 'sixties he continued to show this tendency, though along with it there was development to a much broader and freer style. His diploma work, *Dora*, which hangs in the Scottish National Gallery, has passages of colour and breadth of treatment in the landscape that indicate the artistic growth that was soon to free the painter from all traditional and scholastic restraint. But the exhibited *Dora* was not a first impression. It was symptomatic of the painter's mental attitude

that his first choice was to illustrate Dora's failure, and so he represents her after she had sat with the child in the cornfield till the farmer had passed unseeing, and "the sun fell and all the land was dark." The pathos and mystery of this version of *Dora* appealed strongly to Paul Chalmers, whose imaginative spirit was more akin to the sadder cadences of Nature than her joyous moods.

Other pictures that show the serious side are *Enoch Arden* and *The Wreck of the Hesperus*, both of them works which took a strong hold on the popular imagination, though probably if any picture were to be selected as that which contributed more than any other to draw public attention to his work it would be his *Willie Baird*, inspired by Robert Buchanan's poem. These works all indicate a period of his mental and artistic development when humanity was the dominant note with its passion, tragedy and pathos, a period which



"PORT SETON"



"A SPRIG OF HEATHER"
BY WILLIAM MCTAGGART

William McTaggart, R.S.A.

was however relieved by intermittent flashes of humour that found expression in such subjects as *Following the Fine Arts*—boys running after an Italian vendor of plaster figures—and *The Press Gang*—a group of children, some of whom are catching others in the sweep of their skipping-rope, an old Edinburgh frolic which was known by the title the artist has adopted. The robust optimism of later life is shown in the pictures of which Crofter emigration is the theme. In *The Emigrants*—a group of families leaving a lonely Hebridean coast in their fishing-boats to board the sailing ship that waits for them in the offing—we have a picture of the poverty and privation that is compelling the departure; the difficulties of the pathway to a brighter future are indicated in the stormy sky and restless sea on which the ship that means so much to the voyagers is hardly visible, but over it and partly obliterating it with its radiance is a shaft of rainbow iridescence that lights up the whole scene with its eternal ray of hope. The foreground seems but a confused setting of human figures, hardly discernible from

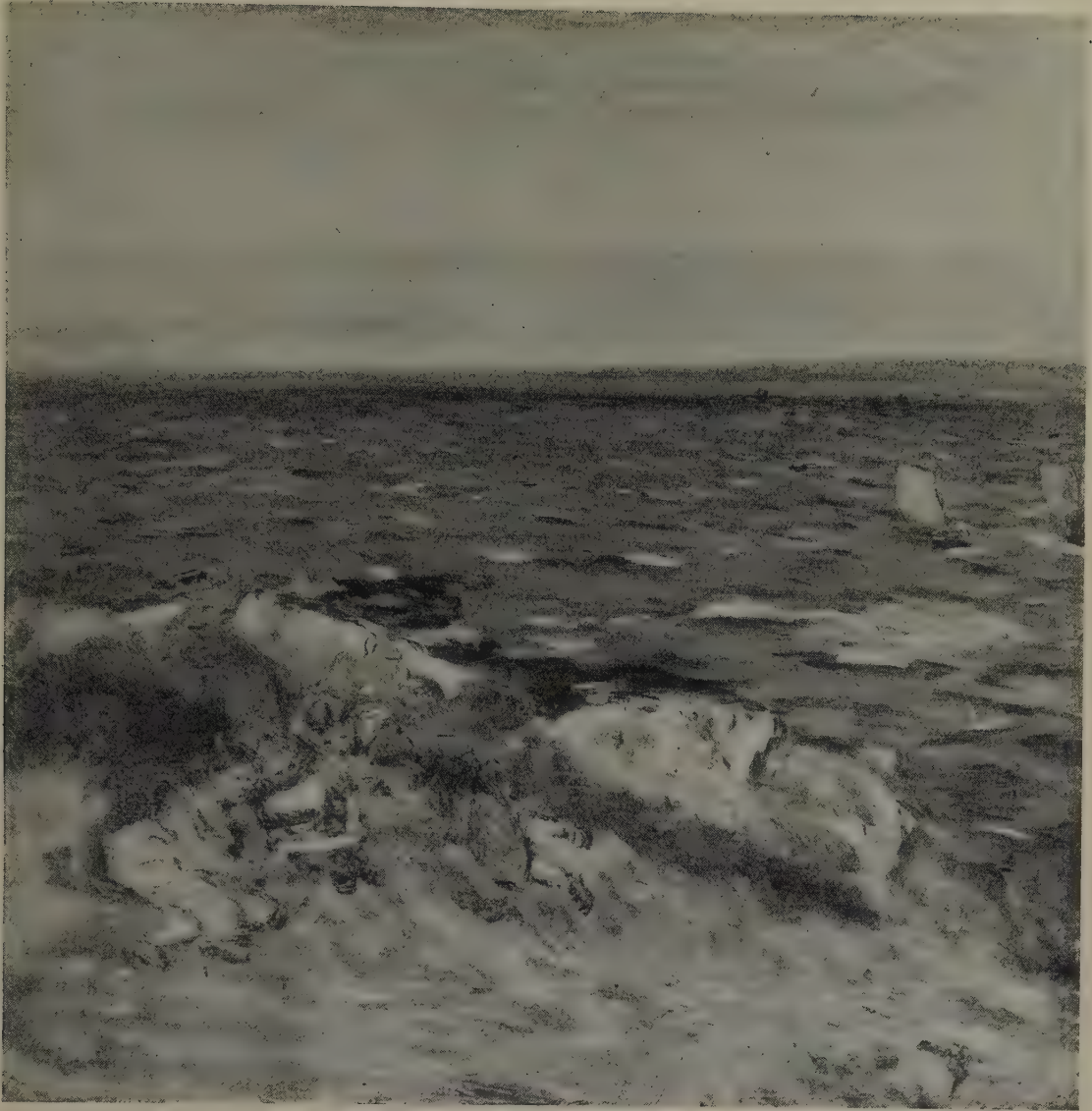
the details of the rocky shore; but this seeming confusion is a studied arrangement, it is the means whereby the artist wishes to direct attention not to the sad present but to the hopeful future. Another theme which has been engaging the artist's attention for some years is the mission of St. Columba to Scotland; and in two large canvases, not yet completed, he shows the arrival of this missionary on the Western Coast and his first preaching to the Picts on the shores of a Highland bay.

In the process of development Mr. McTaggart has pursued his own path uninfluenced by the artistic currents of his own or other countries. He once spent a holiday on the Mediterranean, and on other occasions visited the galleries of Paris, Dresden, Prague, Vienna, Antwerp, the Hague and Amsterdam, but these excursions were merely tourist expeditions undertaken in the company of friends without any art motive. Nor did he ever associate much with other artists in his own country, as for example did Frazer and Bough in Cadzow Forest. All that he has accomplished has been the result of personal effort. And as



"THE FISHERS LANDING"

BY WILLIAM McTAGGART



"OFF TO THE FISHING"
BY WILLIAM McTAGGART

William McTaggart, R.S.A.

already stated his progress has been consistent. No period can be assigned for a new departure, even if one takes only exhibited work as the criterion. The evolution has been gradual, and though the artist has now passed the three-score years and ten, which generally mean arrestment and limitation of the power to express ideas, there is to-day no evidence of lack of originality in conception or enfeeblement of technique. Indeed his power seems still on the increase. Only this spring I saw a seascape which had just left the easel that, in the quality of its colour, the rendering of light and atmosphere, and the realisation of the dash and sparkle of breaking waves, has not been excelled by his earlier work. Seldom, if ever, does he repeat himself, though he has painted so much that, as he facetiously remarked to me, his greatest difficulty now was to find a new title for a picture.

For about twenty years Mr. McTaggart had his studio in Charlotte Square, and since then he has resided at Broomieknowe, within reach of the city, but away from its diversions and harassments. Here he has constructed a spacious studio with semicircular glass roof, as near an approach to open-air conditions as can be obtained. An important picture will often be years in the making; and in these cases he always dates so as to indi-

cate the year in which it was commenced and that in which it finally left the easel. Many of his landscapes have been painted from the garden of his house, from which one obtains a view of quietly diversified landscape rising in gentle undulations towards the Moorfoot Hills, to which he constructs a foreground as in *Harvest at Broomieknowe*, reproduced in colour. Born within sound of the waves, and in early life much on the water, Mr. McTaggart has always felt the magnetism of its attraction, whether under the gray skies of Carnoustie or Port Seton, or under the rich warm light of a summer day at Machrihanish on the peninsula of Kintyre, his native district, to which he is a regular summer visitor. On few occasions has he sent his work to Burlington House, and during the last dozen years his pictures have only at rare intervals been seen on the walls of the Royal Scottish Academy. To public appreciation or criticism he is remarkably indifferent, an indifference which has no basis in hostility, but rather in a whole-hearted devotion to his work for its own sake.

The outstanding feature of Mr. McTaggart's work is his power of expressing light, colour and movement. He excels in the rendering of the sunshine of the full day and in wide, open-air



"CONSIDER THE LILIES"

William McTaggart, R.S.A.



"MIDSUMMER DAY"

BY WILLIAM MCTAGGART



"PORT-AN-RIGH—WELCOME TO THE HERRING BOATS"

BY WILLIAM MCTAGGART

William McTaggart, R.S.A.



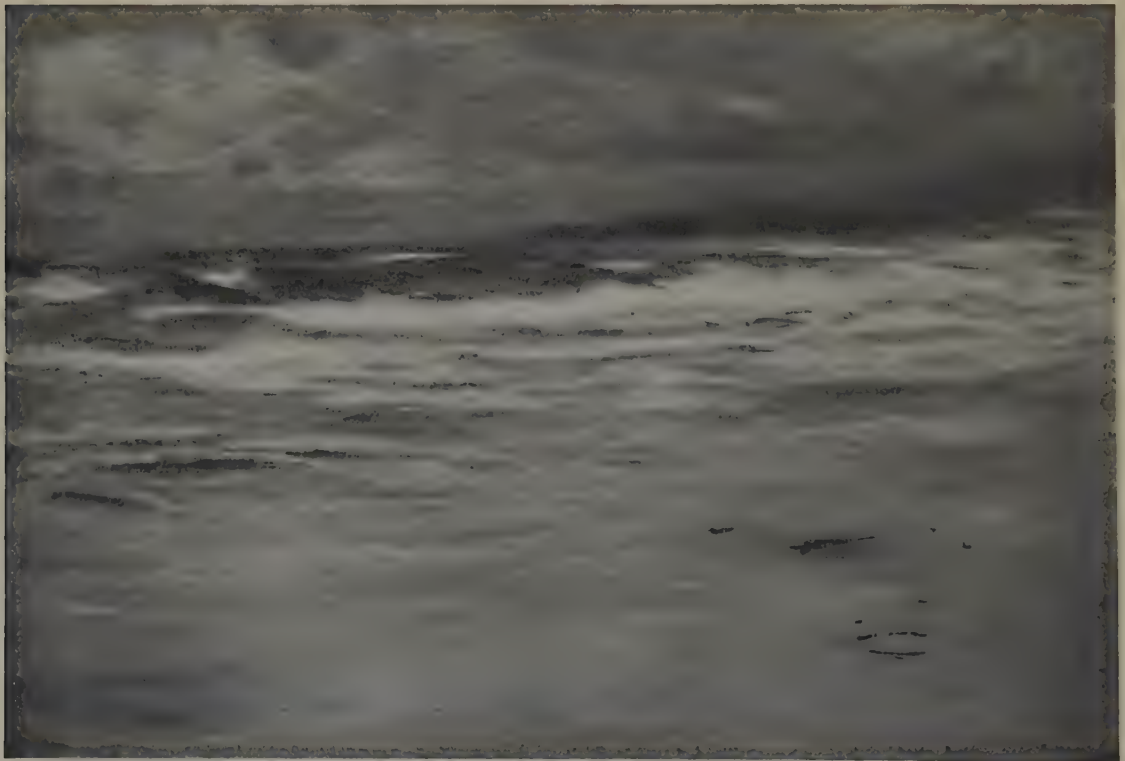
"DAWN"

BY WILLIAM MCTAGGART

fulness and freedom of symphonic beauty are expressed with rare understanding and fine sympathy. There is a convincing certainty in the quality of the light and the way in which it is affected by different atmospheric conditions and the objects from which it is reflected. He is not a stylist. Order and symmetry occupy a subordinate place in his mind, and thus we seldom have him approaching that unity of reposeful beauty that distinguishes work by Mathew Maris or Corot. On the other hand, his colour effects are orches-

effects. There is never a suggestion in his mature work that it is other than a picture completed on the spot, except in his supersensitive method of dating. It has no taint of the studio. Nature's

tral in their variety, richness and fulness of tone. In his composition *chiaroscuro* plays a small part. It is thus impossible to translate him into black-and-white without grievous loss. He composes in



"MACRIHANISH BAY"

BY WILLIAM MCTAGGART

"Chosen Pictures" at the Grafton Gallery

colour. Figures in his landscape are notes in the colour scheme and are frequently introduced for no other purpose. In his finest and most impressive work they lack definiteness of form, but it is rare to see a figure that is out of relation to its surroundings. They blend with and form an integral part of the landscape. In many cases one receives but a suggestion of their presence. They are merely human casuals. A great lover of McTaggart's work, who is a well-known Scottish art connoisseur, was expatiating one day on the beauties of a McTaggart picture to a friend of mine,

and pausing in his remarks, he stepped nearer to the canvas and, looking critically at one part, he said, "I used to have a wee lassie here, but I've lost her!" This observation characterises in a sentence the elusiveness of these child figures. They have often to be searched for, they do not obtrude. And yet sometimes a foreground will be seen to be full of them peeping from behind some boulder or tree stem, and frolicsome as elves in the sheer joy of living.

How realistically, too, does Mr. McTaggart convey the sense of motion, whether it be that of the clouds scudding across the sky, the fishing-boat dancing on the sunlit waves, trees bending to the blast, the storm-tossed billows of an angry ocean, the rippling *arpeggios* on the shore, or the merry gambols of children at play. In *Consider the Lilies* how beautifully the rhythmic motion of the dancing children is expressed. One even feels that the lilies sway their graceful stems in sympathy. In such circumstances to attempt precise definition would be to portray the false and produce the petrified results of a snapshot camera. It is not on such an artificial basis that Mr. McTaggart has worked. Nature with him is ever-living, untrammelled, free. In his desire to be true to this great conception of nature it must be admitted that sometimes in later years Mr. McTaggart has paid too little regard to form. But to no artist has the power been given to express himself fully in all directions, and where Mr. McTaggart has failed it has been in that which was of least importance to his art. Truly may it be said that his motto is "*Apprenons à subordonner les petits intérêts aux grands.*"

A. EDDINGTON.

"CHOSEN PICTURES" AT THE GRAFTON GALLERY.

IF we had been wishing for an exhibition that would have given us just now the utmost satisfaction, it would have been of the character of the "Chosen Pictures" recently brought together at the Grafton Gallery, and our wish would not only have coincided with its gratification, but with the peculiar moment for such an exhibition. For there is a tendency now for the various movements to draw together, and a burying of hatchets seems to be in progress on every hand. During the last



PORTRAIT OF MRS. HOWARD

BY FRANCIS HOWARD

"Chosen Pictures" at the Grafton Gallery

twenty years, or even a much shorter period, there have arisen separate groups of painters, with little apparently in common, but who are now found to have arrived at much about the same point. And it is at that point that the forecasts of the future must be made. These groups have existed independently of each other, although inspired by kindred aspirations, and in looking round this exhibition we were more conscious of the nature of these aspirations than of the differences in the expression of them. We were also conscious of the promise which the exhibition gave, that this moment in the development of painting in this country will, when looked back upon in times to come, be recognised as one of a temper and energy peculiarly its own.

Among the separate groupings of the past under which strongly individual aims have prospered, are those associated with the names of Messrs. Charles Ricketts and C. H. Shannon; Messrs. W. Nicholson and James Pryde; Messrs. W. Orpen and Augustus John, and the earlier "International" cluster. To have these aims shown together in retrospect was an entirely praiseworthy idea. We could see a little of the direction in which things have been travelling, and that where we sometimes thought confusion reigned, the general tendency was in the one direction—away from superficial realism or literary symbolism, towards work of pure feeling, carrying with it, as an expression of that feeling, fluency of composition and the rhythm of imaginative decoration, or, on the other hand, a striving for a closer intimacy with Nature, a desire for her inspiration in as undiluted

a draught as possible—and in as direct a way as possible in the case of "interpretative" art—we do not say "imitative," for that word is abandoned as meaning scarcely anything which could not be put out of countenance by the camera.

One was struck by the intimate note in so many of the landscape paintings, as if the impressionist's first intoxication with the brightness of the morning and the sunset had given place to the secrets of less sensational hours. And as methods have adjusted themselves to this refinement, as in Mr. Mark Fisher's paintings, popularity is surrendered; no appeal is made to a public which has not yet, and perhaps



"THE MORRIS"

BY WILLIAM NICHOLSON
(By permission of the Stafford Gallery)



*(By permission of Messrs.
Thos. Agnew & Son)*

"THE FARM"
BY E. A. WALTON, R.S.A.

"Chosen Pictures" at the Grafton Gallery

never will, pass the invisible barrier which divides them from all that is not obvious. And so all these painters have had to make their own public and their own appreciators; but all latter-day criticism has been in their favour, as it never was in favour of revolutionists before. Their intellectual and self-conscious attitude towards their own aims could not fail to enlist the support of writers who understand that attitude better than any other.

But this self-consciousness has not been without its deleterious influence. There is not always present the art which conceals art. One of the most admirable pictures in the gallery is Mr. Lambert's *The Shop*; but the particular view of the studio, with its grouping of the figures in the canvas, is all a very consciously arranged pictorial device. Such deliberation of composition is always in keeping with the nature of purely decorative painting; but in this work the painting of the faces, of the actions, and of the clothes of the figures is

intensely realistic in its suggestion, and that the character of the composition may be identified with such essentially spontaneous handling, it also should be without evidence of too much deliberation. The handling presupposes that the view is frankly an impression, and the *naïveté* and freshness of this impression are only spoiled by the formality of the composition — for it *is* formal although it is not conventional.

A charming portrait is Mr. Francis Howard's *Portrait of Mrs. Francis Howard*, in what is perhaps the best modern tradition, or the best that modern art has as yet substituted for a tradition. The convention which it subscribes to and which Whistler developed and followed more elusively and meaningfully than anyone else, is one to which some of the best portrait painters of the day have contributed, giving it a stability which Whistler with his ghostly methods was incapable of and did not care for. It is that of the figure turning into



"REFUGEES"

(By permission of Messrs. Wm. Marchant & Co.)

BY WILLIAM ORPEN, R.H.A.



"THE SURPRISE"
BY WILLIAM STRANG, A.R.A.

"Chosen Pictures" at the Grafton Gallery

or walking down the room, and always seen as far in the room as within the frame, never standing as if close to a window-pane against the picture glass, or making those absurd attempts to leave the frame behind it, with which latter-day Academic portraiture has familiarised us.

But perhaps it was not in portraiture that the excellence and significance of this exhibition were to be found, but in the most intimate of all arts, such as Mr. Pryde's, and Mr. Rickett's, and Mr. Shannon's; for here we have what seems to promise the greatest things for the future of imaginative painting—that return to the conception of it possessed by the early Italian masters. The visions of thought and imagination are fugitive and changeable, and the brush which follows the fancy, the imagination, must be as free to obey it—to obey the shapes in which things come to the mind—as it is trained to obey the shapes that present themselves in nature. And it is in their apparent perception of this fundamental principle of

imaginative art that we have a brilliant school of imaginative and fanciful painters, whose works live, because in them afterthoughts are not allowed to slay the parent fancy by the substitution of a trivial agreement of fact for essential agreement between conception as it leaves the mind and as it finds its way to canvas.

The prefatory note in the catalogue of the exhibition explained the failure of the exhibition to be quite representative; but this failure is not to be regretted if it provides the excuse for the exhibition to be supplemented at a later date by another of the same order, including, if possible, the works of Mr. Wilson Steer, Mr. George Henry, and others, who belong distinctly to the time that is covered.

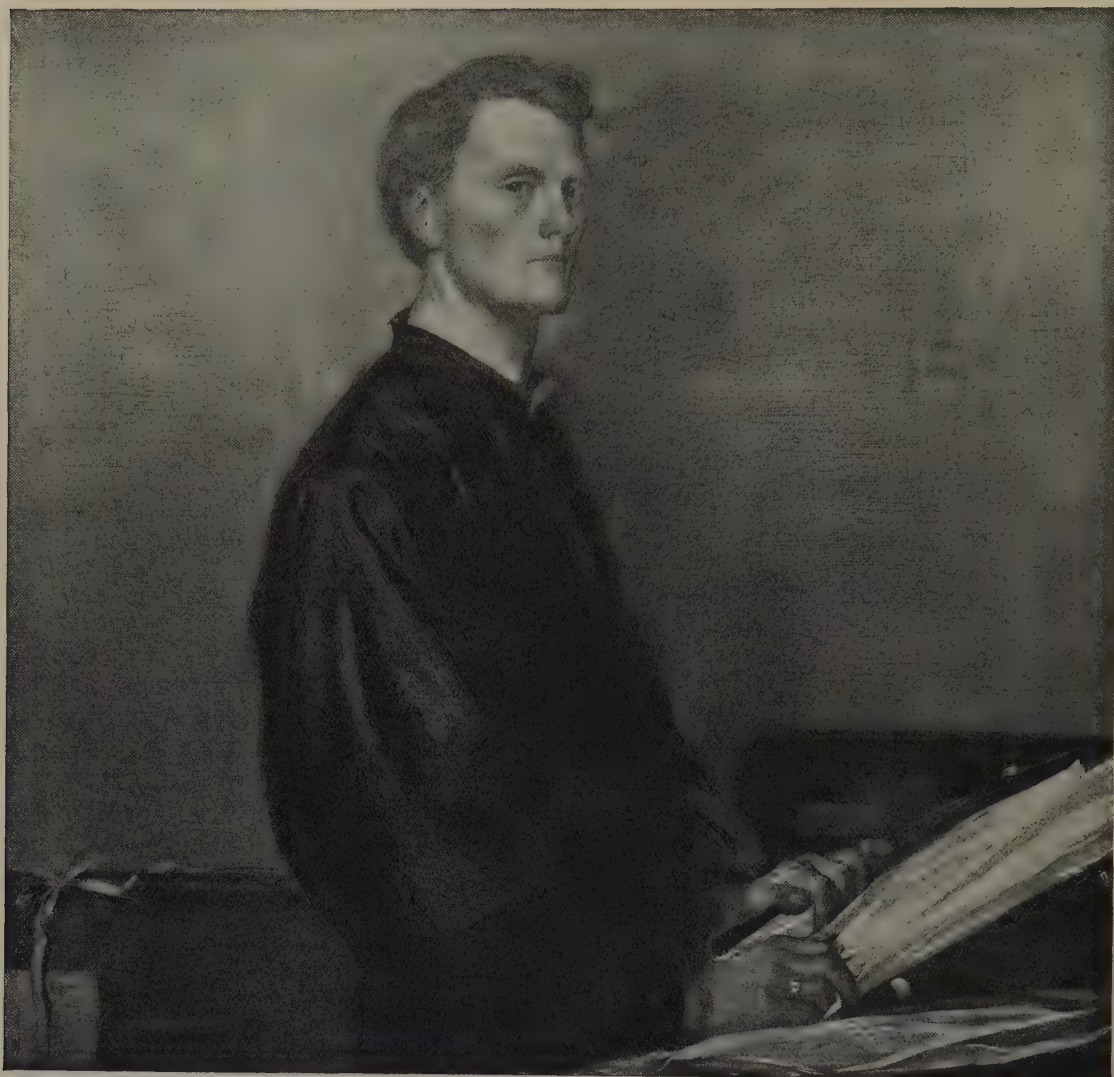
Except for the purposes of the remarks which the exhibition has inspired, it is not our intention to discriminate among the individual works gathered together, of which the majority have been seen before, many of them having already been reproduced in our pages.



"HAYRICKS"



"DIABOLO"
BY HARRINGTON MANN



"THE MAN IN THE BLACK SHIRT"
BY CHARLES SHANNON

Architectural Gardening.—VI.

The process of exclusion was well applied, with exceptions such as we have instanced. It would have been so easy to imperil the exceptional standard. Perfection in the management of such a show, like perfection in the arts themselves, would appear to be recognised by what is omitted as much as by what is retained. Outstanding names of artists of whose work selected representative examples were shown will convey to readers of *THE STUDIO* the range of the exhibition. They included Messrs. A. D. Peppercorn, C. J. Holmes, Stirling Lee, M. Greiffenhagen, A. John, J. Lavery, F. Cayley Robinson, B. Priestman, A. Jamieson,

Muirhead Bone, A. Ludovici, Max Beerbohm, F. Derwent Wood, and those from whose works we have selected our illustrations.

Some painters were very fully represented. Thus, Mr. W. Strang, Mr. Charles Shannon, Mr. Ricketts, Mr. W. W. Russell, Mr. W. Nicholson, and Mr. George Sauter enjoyed plenty of wall-space, and it was in the opportunity of seeing their work, not in fragments but grouped in this way, and of thus studying the art of contemporaries side by side that one was able to form some adequate conception of the strength, as well as the underlying unity, of aims asserting themselves so variously.

With the same amount of wall extended to other eminent painters, and an effort made by artists and management to fill it to the best advantage, a repetition of the exhibition is sure of welcome. For it corrects a fault of the modern exhibition system, in which works appear only to disappear, to be replaced by the work of the same painters in other moods, under other influences, and so we are kept from any certain knowledge of the real history of the progress of the individual, and of our time.

T. M. W.

ARCHITECTURAL
GARDENING.—VI.
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS
AFTER DESIGNS BY C. E. MALLOWS,
F.R.I.B.A., AND F. L. GRIGGS.

If what has previously been written in recent numbers of *THE STUDIO* by way of explanatory notes or comments on the illustrations for this



"IN THE KING'S ORCHARD"

BY EDMUND J. SULLIVAN

Architectural Gardening.—VI.

series of articles, and shown by the drawings themselves, has not made clear the importance of the pictorial element, and of unity, in house and garden design, at least two of the principal objects we have had in view through the publication of these drawings have failed to accomplish their purpose. By "pictorial element" is meant the studied arrangement of pictures both within and without the house, not only as concerns a composition as a whole, but also the details of its various parts. This element in modern domestic work is, in fact, one of the real tests and measures of its merit, and claims to be considered as architecture in the right sense of that much abused word; and a test to be applied just as severely as those other better-known ones relating to practical planning, construction, and sanitation. It is a curious and instructive comment on the popular attitude towards architecture that those qualities which are concerned with æsthetic principles and are recognised to some extent in painting and sculpture, are as a rule either considered of little value or altogether ignored in architecture. Yet the building of a house and the making of a garden, if they were rightly considered, would be treated as far more important matters, other things being equal, than either the painting of a picture or the shaping of a statue. It is so little understood that architecture is the mother art, and therefore the most important of them all. What is done in building usually remains, a permanent credit or discredit to its author. If the painting or the sculpture offends it can be destroyed with comparative facility, and perhaps enjoyment, but bad building (and how many *miles* are there of it in our own land?) is not so easily disposed of; it is a constant source of trouble and offence, not only to those immediately con-

cerned with it, but to the now ever-widening circle of the general public that finds genuine pleasure in artistic things.

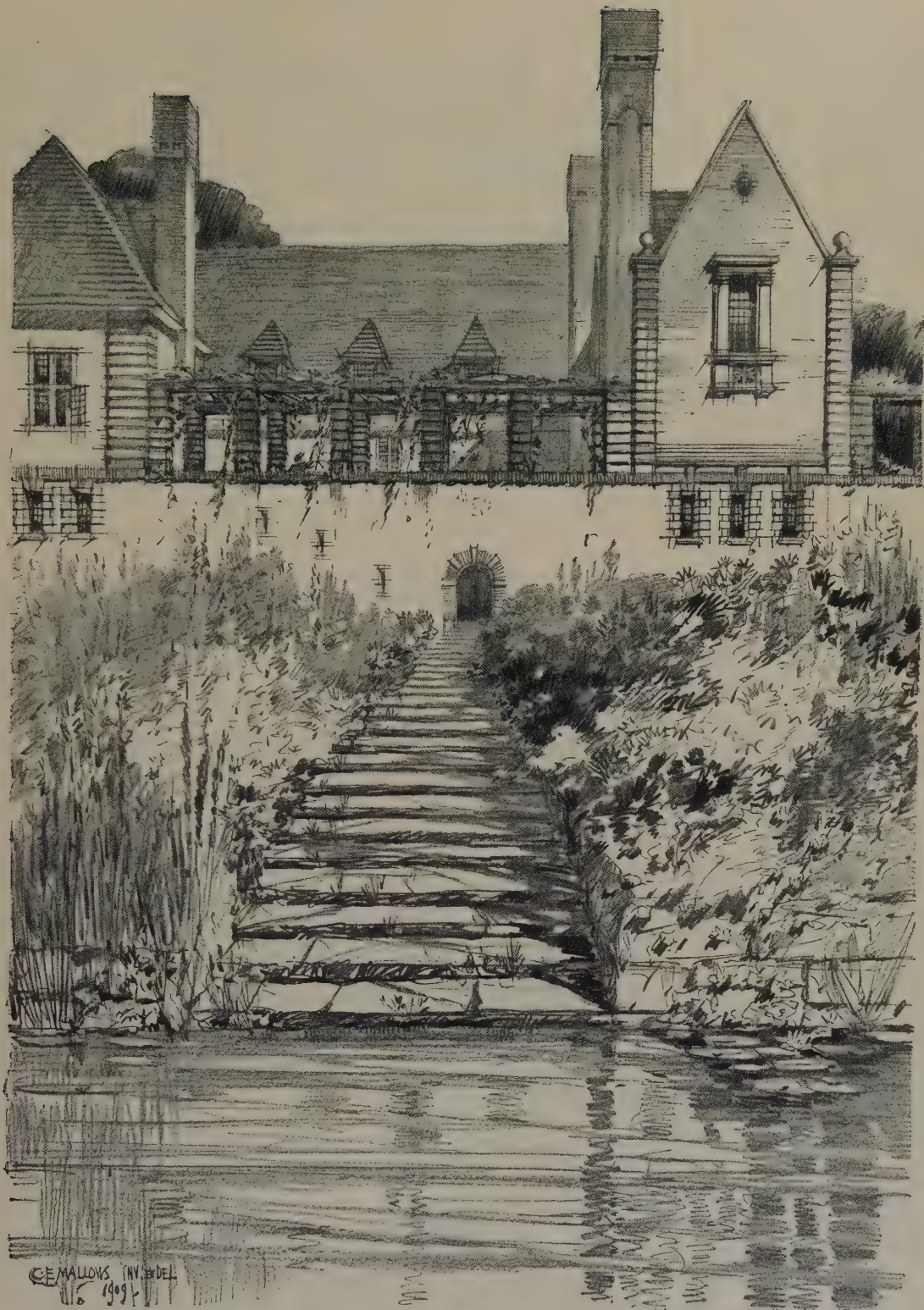
Another element in garden design which these notes have sought to emphasize is that "final refuge of the complex" termed simplicity. There is no more important æsthetic quality to be considered than that, and yet it is so seldom found in modern work that its presence may be regarded as a hall-mark of rare distinction.

It is impossible to overrate the value of simplicity in garden work when it can be coupled with dignity and repose. The very purpose of a garden is to afford rest and relief to the mind and eye as well as body, and this cannot be accomplished if the eye is wearied and the mind troubled by a bewildering plan and a complexity of purposeless detail. An excellent and striking illustration of the want of recognition of this backbone in design is often found in the planting of groves or avenues



A SMALL HOUSE WITH LARGE GARDEN (*see plan on p. 105*)

DESIGNED AND DRAWN BY C. E. MALLOWS, F.R.I.B.A.



A RIVERSIDE HOUSE. DESIGNED AND
DRAWN BY C. E. MALLOYS, F.R.I.B.A.

Architectural Gardening.—VI.

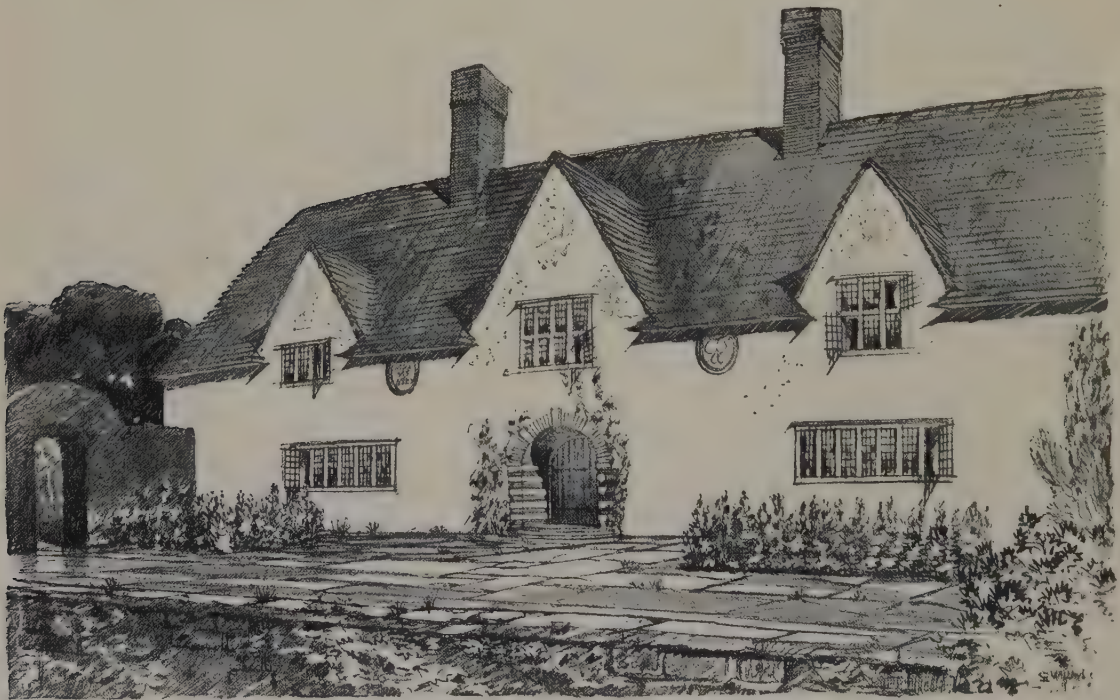


A RIVERSIDE HOUSE

DESIGNED AND DRAWN BY C. E. MALLOWS, F.R.I.B.A.

of trees. An avenue of native trees, such as beech or oak or elm, can scarcely be surpassed for fine and dignified effect, just that effect of reposeful simplicity so much to be desired; but this is destroyed at once by the inclusion of other trees in the same design, such as mixed evergreens of the pine species. This is not to say that an avenue of

pinus cannot be almost as good (when a common-sense regard is paid to the locality, for they do not look well in all neighbourhoods and in some are altogether out of place) provided they are all of the same kind and size, but the indiscriminate planting of varieties, with their different shapes and colours, must necessarily result in a hard and discordant



A COUNTRY HOUSE

DESIGNED AND DRAWN BY C. E. MALLOWS, F.R.I.B.A.

Architectural Gardening.—VI.



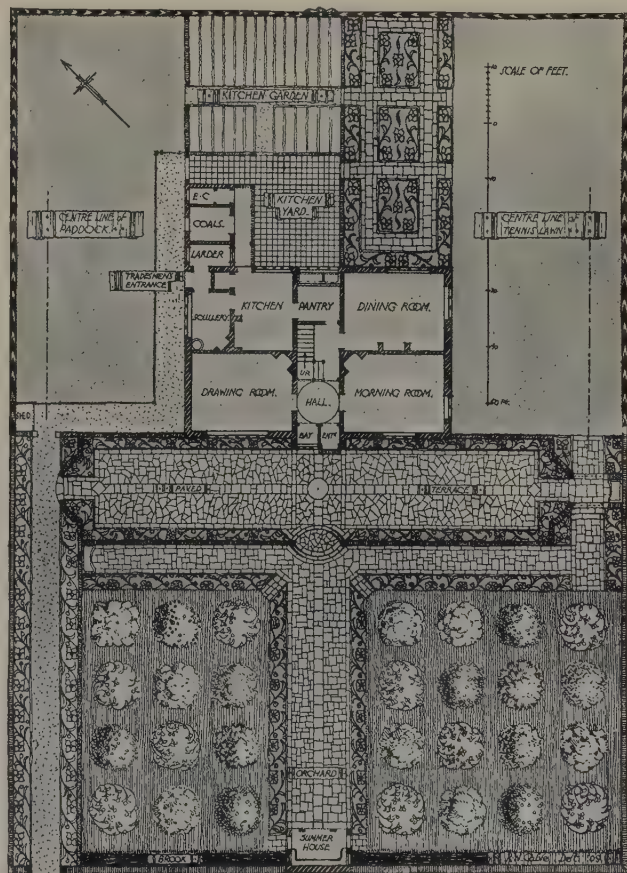
A HOUSE BY A STREAM . . . DESIGNED AND DRAWN BY C. E. MALLOWS, F.R.I.B.A.

sequence, triviality and discordance, replacing the simple and quiet effects of ordered beauty so characteristic of the old work, and which are the natural result of restrained design.

This same restlessness, incoherence and conflict of intention are written all over our streets and roads and lanes in building no less than in garden design, and comes from a very simple and primitive cause—the want of sound principle and knowledge of the first laws that should govern

effect. At Wymondley Priory, in Hertfordshire, is a very ancient quadrangle of box, a sort of extra cloister, planted by the monks, of a charm beyond description, although the whole effect is now suffering from age and former periods of neglect. At Pinsbury near Sapperton, in Gloucestershire, is a long alley of yew of such density that a heavy rain scarcely penetrates it, and there are also the better-known examples at Melbourne, in Derbyshire, and the great hornbeam hedge in the gardens of Levens Hall, Westmorland. The chief beauty of effect in all these places is undoubtedly due to the fact that the trees are all of one kind.

This it might reasonably be assumed would have been self-evident without examples of failure or success to teach gardeners. Yet the lessons to be learnt from the old gardens, which all agree in praising, in the making of the new, seem to be ignored altogether in most cases, or if they are remembered, the desire to profit by the lessons the old work teaches, is invariably damaged by another desire to improve upon them, and so restlessness creeps into what ought to be “abodes of peace” and repose, bringing with it, as a natural



PLAN OF HOUSE AND GARDEN

DESIGNED BY C. E. MALLOWS, F.R.I.B.A.
(See perspective view on page 102)

Architectural Gardening.—VI.

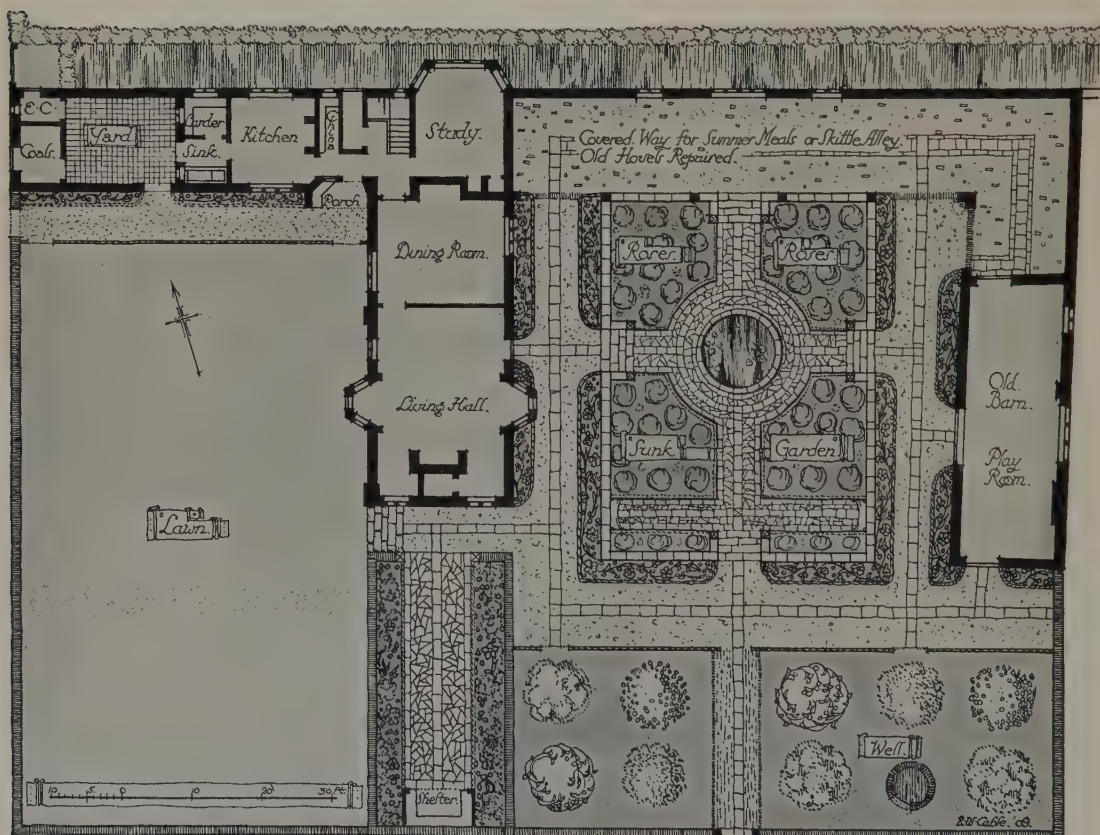
the production of all fine art. The fantastic process through which modern building was and, for the greater part, still is produced, would be a subject for mirth if the results were not so serious. Our architecture of to-day is a hotch-potch gathered from all sources and put together—it can hardly be called designed—in an indiscriminate and unreasoning way. At one time Belgium has been searched for “inspirations,” at another Holland, another Spain, then Italy, Greece and Japan, and now with the *entente cordiale* France comes to our rescue, and we are told to speak a kind of broken French (in some excellent London examples the pure French of Paris) in our streets and country houses. This is almost as sensible a proceeding as if it were proposed, as part of our future national education, that French should replace the mother-tongue.

The foundation of all sound principles in art is, after all, nothing but that provided by reason and common sense. Failing all other knowledge, house and garden design will, at least, never be offensive if these two qualities form the basis of the superstructure and it expresses the purpose it

is intended to serve in simple and natural terms. The designs here illustrated show some endeavours to keep on that sound basis.

The little sketch on page 102 of the exterior of a small house surrounded by a comparatively large garden shows, together with the plan on page 105, an attempt to design a house on the most compact and economical lines possible for about the sum of £750, exclusive of course of the garden. The plan sufficiently explains the general disposition of the rooms, and the perspective view the external appearance. The roof covering is proposed of reed thatching with ordinary cheap bricks for the walling thickly white-washed.

The view on page 103 sufficiently explains the character of the external design of this house. In plan it has all the principal rooms around three sides of a central cloister court, the level of which is about 4 feet above the top step of the long flight from the riverside and about 9 feet below the general level of the principal floor where the entertaining rooms are placed. The site itself falls rapidly to the river, so that the entrance,



PLAN OF SEASIDE HOUSE AND GARDEN AT HAPPISBURGH

DESIGNED BY C. E. MALLOWS, F.R.I.B.A.



A SMALL HOUSE AND FLOWER GARDEN
DESIGNED AND DRAWN BY F. L. GRIGGS

Architectural Gardening.—VI.



A BOWLING ALLEY

DESIGNED AND DRAWN BY F. L. GRIGGS

which is on the opposite side of the house to the cloister court, is about at the same level as the principal floors. A covered walk encloses the garth, and is connected on the south side by a small staircase with the pergola shown in the drawing between the east and west wings. The aim in this plan has been to obtain the greatest possible amount of privacy without sacrificing too much the principal advantages of a riverside house.

The small cloister court with its covered walks, and the garth with its paved ways and central fountain would, being exposed to the south on its long side, have to the full the benefit of sunlight and air. The little round-headed doorway shown in the view would connect this court by means of the stepped way, through a wild garden, with the riverside.

The materials for the walls and roofs would be the local hand-made bricks and tiles—all the walling is proposed of brick, some variation in colour being obtained by the use of Daneshill bricks in the quoins, chimney stacks and pergola.

water-plants. All the effect of garden would be obtained on this side of the house. There would be a paddock and orchard on either side to the east and west.

Entirely simple means are relied upon in the second design on page 104, both for pictorial and practical results. The plan is arranged in order to provide a large square hall in the centre of the house, to which the round-headed doorway, shown in the sketch, leads from the garden side. To the right and left of the hall are the drawing and dining-rooms, each with a large bay window at its narrow end. These principal windows look to the west and east respectively. The kitchen offices are on the east side of the entrance court, and there are seven bedrooms over. The whole design has been carefully arranged within a long and narrow rectangle with an unbroken ridge line, in order to obtain the maximum amount of accommodation at the minimum cost.

The same desire, applied to a somewhat smaller

An idea for another riverside house is indicated on page 104, and assumes a locality where reed thatching is the natural roof covering, such as that to be found in parts of the Eastern Counties. For the rest the building would be of brick, common hard well-burnt local bricks, thickly whitewashed. The house plan contains a central hall, a living-room with a small sitting-room or parlour opening from one end, and a large work-room or studio from the other end, but at a higher level, as the sketch shows. There is also a small dining-room to be used for that purpose only, and eight bedrooms on the first floor with four attics over. The water shown in the sketch is suggested as an extension to a backwater, and joined to the latter by a small garden given up to

West Cornwall as a Sketching Ground

house, is illustrated by the sketch on page 105—which shows a portion of the south front. Here all the materials are of the plainest description and treated in the traditional manner of the district. Colour, texture and form are the only factors to be relied on in work of this nature for natural effects. The small stream forms a fence between the garden and house.

The plan of the house at Happisburgh, on page 106, was illustrated by a pencil view in our March number, and a description of the proposed alterations was given then. The property consisted of two extremely dilapidated, and not particularly interesting, labourers' cottages, with a cow hovel, old sheds and a large barn. Nearly all these buildings have been retained and brought into the service of the new house. It is situated at the end of the land reserved for the new golf links at Happisburgh, on the Norfolk Coast, about midway between Cromer and Great Yarmouth.

The illustration of a small house and flower garden, on page 107, is another view of the house which was shown on page 272 of the May number. Reference was made there to the materials of which the house is to be constructed; and a plan will be given in a future number. The quality aimed at here is spaciousness as well as compactness. In a small house and a very limited garden, it is not well to try to do too much with the area to be disposed of in each. The house, although small, has at least one large room, and the garden by extreme simplicity ought not to appear so circumscribed as it really is. A similar effect of breadth and simplicity has been sought in the design for the Bowling Alley on page 108. The same intention, as to size and cost, has been aimed at as described for the other designs, and this has kept a useful restraint on the general treatment. The materials would be rough-cast, with dressings of red bricks, and a roof of red tiles. The lawn should show that a better effect can be obtained in a formal way than if the so-called landscape manner were adopted.

WEST CORNWALL AS A SKETCHING GROUND. BY NORMAN GARSTIN.

THE "Ends of the Earth"! What combination of words fills us with a more delicious sense of vague desire? One would stand on the brink looking over the frontiers of space, gazing into the unknowable. It is the suggestion of illimitableness conveyed by the limit that fires our fancy, what is distant grows vast through some trick of the imagination. The Irish have a saying that "Cows in Connaught have long horns," Connaught being presumably distant. John o' Groats possesses a distinction unattained by many a more important John simply because his home is the Ultima Thule linked in indissoluble association with the Land's End. To those who live in crowded centres the very thought of capes and headlands that thrust themselves out into lonely seas comes with a sense of relief from the jostle and jumble of the intricate scheme of city life. In these days of universal exploration, when the pursuit of solitude seems in jeopardy of being annihilated by the very facilities offered for its attainment, the remoteness of this corner of the kingdom from the great centres of population has in large measure saved it from the vulgarisation which has befallen places more accessible. While still out of range of the crowd, the luxurious travelling facilities provided nowadays by the railway



"BLUE SEA AND GOLDEN CLIFFS.—PORTH GWARRA, LAND'S END" (WATER-COLOUR). BY S. J. LAMORNA BIRCH
(By permission of the Fine Art Society)

West Cornwall as a Sketching Ground

company have popularised it among people of moderate means.

West Cornwall, or locally West Penwith, is certainly not a country that can claim to be unknown. It has been the studio of innumerable artists for nearly a quarter of a century, and has drawn to itself distinguished writers and poets not a few, some to pass and some to stay.

Novels and tales have been woven out of the homespun of the Cornish fisher's life, and countless pictures have been painted of him and his surroundings, painted too with all the resources of modern art. Impressionists have attacked it from the point of view of light, the grey school have seen it under a dull sky, the story-tellers have grouped their models, and it would really seem as if the last word must have been said long ago; but there is no last word—at least, not as long as human personality goes to the making of each work of art. Each hand shakes the kaleidoscope afresh, and each eye sees in nature what it sets out to find.

The station of St. Erth seems to be at the parting of the ways. On the right hand, travelling west, there stretches a lagoon fed from the waters

of the Irish Channel. Hayle is set on its eastern fringe, and on the west is the village of Lelant, whose towans, overlooking the great curve of St. Ives Bay, call aloud with the allurements of their golf-links. All the three miles of coast round whose sinuosities the train glides are full of beauty to anyone who cares for the free wholesome sea breaking in its many moods on sand and rock. The little grey town of St. Ives it seems superfluous to describe; hundreds of brushes have shown its rocky peninsula, its fleets of brown-sailed fishing-luggers, its tortuous streets, and the amphibious life upon its busy sands. A whole generation of artists have wrought at it, and if it were possible to exhaust that duplex combination, the variety of nature's moods and the inventiveness of man, then St. Ives would be a threadbare theme. St. Erth is, as I say, at the parting of the ways, having the landlocked lagoon on the right hand and on the left a country of quite another character, but full of possibilities for the landscape painter. Here is a country of inland farms and villages, of moorland and marshland and of old mine workings whose *débris* is being slowly reassumed and re-



"ACROSS THE BAY, FALMOUTH" (WATER-COLOUR)
(By permission of the Fine Art Society)

BY S. J. LAMORNA BIRCH



"THE MOONLIT BAY, ST. IVES." FROM
THE OIL PAINTING BY MOFFAT P. LINDNER.



West Cornwall as a Sketching Ground



"AT THE FOOT OF THE HILL, ROSEWORTHY" (WATER-COLOUR)

BY S. J. LAMORNA BIRCH

(By permission of the Fine Art Society)

clothed by nature. Like slumbering volcanoes these mines periodically come back into life and activity in response to some mysterious promptings from Tokenhouse Yard, and then relapse into quiescence in sympathy with decreasing dividends.

The marshlands lie in the hollow of the land from whose high lip one looks over the broad bay of St. Michael's Mount. St. Michael has a proprietary interest, it seems, in all lofty and picturesque piles of rock and masonry, and one feels the dignity of his charge. The Mount lines the eastern shore hard by the little town of Marazion, or Machel Jew. It insists, perhaps a little too obviously, upon its picturesque-ness. The Mount is one of those beauties that love to be seen in shop windows, but the artist and the judicious lover have this in common: that they like to see the effect of their own wooing; their egotism desires that the fruition of their hopes should come only after some assiduities, and not drop into their arms or canvases without any coyness. Such beauties are common property, they

have no secrets, no "*qualités cachées*."

At the other end of the white curve of beach stands Penzance, rising from the harbour in a gentle slant. Artists are like rats—they seek water, and very much for the same reason, because they both manage to pick up a living more easily about the purlieus of harbours and wharves or by streams than in dry places. From the harbour of Penzance the grey town rises most effectively; the square tower of St. Mary's floats in the basin amongst Norwegian iceships and

wriggles amongst the steam trawlers with their many-coloured funnels. The dome of the market place, too, reflects itself in the tide; which, however, leaves the harbour dry for a good part of each day. The little town has some individuality of character left, in spite of the modern streets that spread themselves here and there with a depressing uniformity of design. There still remain small backwaters where the flavour of older days yet lingers. It is a busy little town, and on



"SUNKEN REEF" (OIL SKETCH)

BY JULIUS OLSSON

West Cornwall as a Sketching Ground

market days is the centre of an agricultural district only bounded by the sea.

From Penzance to Newlyn is but a mile; this, again, is one of those places that have been so much described and so much painted that it seems as if they must be too familiar to everyone, and that the familiarity must have bred, anyhow, a weariness. But the Newlyn of to-day and that of the first artist settlers twenty-five years ago are two quite different places. When Mr. Stanhope Forbes painted his fish sale there was no harbour; to-day there is a spacious one which, large as it is, is crowded with fishing boats, steamers, sailing vessels and craft of all descriptions. All this has brought a life and animation that no one would have dreamt of a quarter of a century ago. These men in *sabots* and *bérets* are French crabbers, Bretons who supply *les petites soupers parisiens* with delicate *langouste* caught outside our three-mile limit. These large men with blue eyes and fair beards are Norwegians, come down from the North with ice to pack the fish in. Yonder black-hulled

steamer just leaving the harbour is bound for Genoa with pickled pilchards to help devout Italians through Lent. Here is a circle round a man with a hand-bell and high wading-boots; he is selling a "lot" of fish. Carts are being loaded up to catch the "Perishable" train. All is activity and bustle; but here and there are little knots of imperturbable fishermen, hands in trouser-pockets, pipes in mouths, who make brief quarter-deck turns. Slow of speech are these men, grave, and with eyes that seek the horizon.

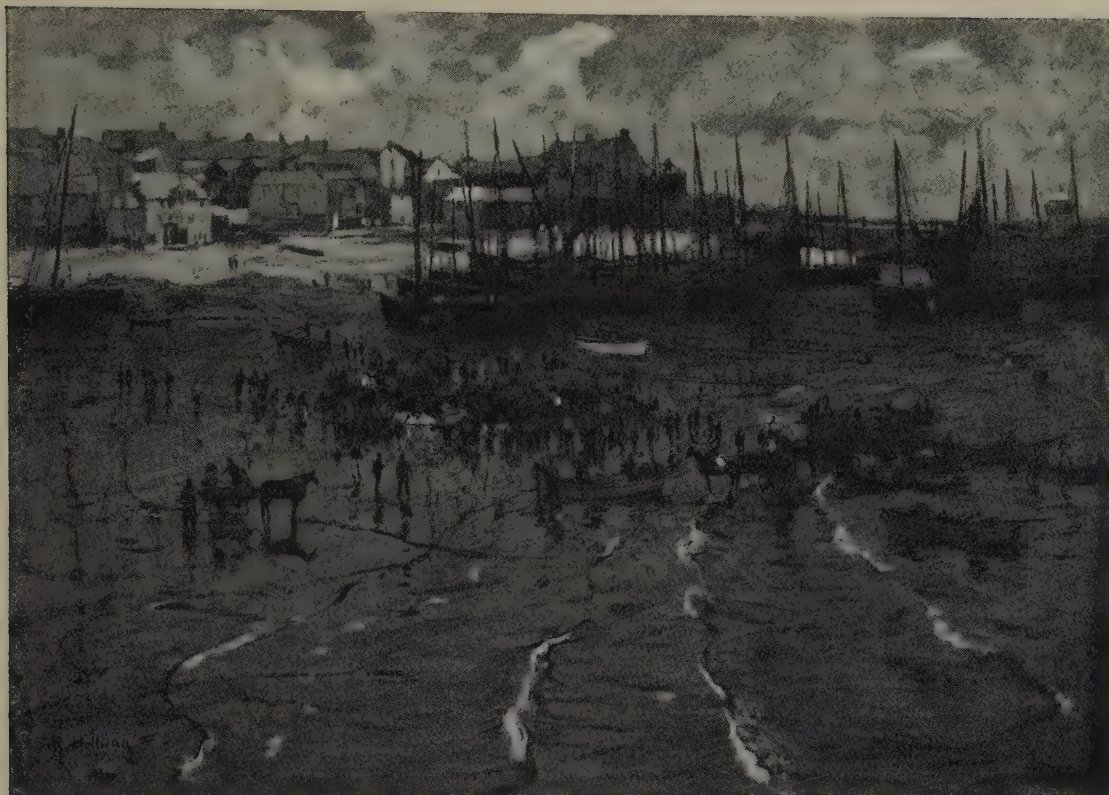
Above all this life and movement rises the village, gray and for the most part of a respectable age: solid granite cottages that climb the hill in irregular streets, or lanes cobbled and resounding to the footsteps of the heavy-booted fishermen who lurch up and down to and from their luggers that lie in marshalled lines, each mast having a gull standing like an heraldic emblem on the summit. Women group themselves at doorsteps gossiping, holding babies or chiding children with shrill vehemence and petting them with equally strange



"MOONRISE, ST. IVES"

BY JULIUS OLSSON

West Cornwall as a Sketching Ground



"MACKEREL SEASON, ST. IVES"

BY RUDOLF HELLWAG

epithets. "Come ye here, Thomas Henry, my beauty, my worm, come ye here, I do tell ye. Lave 'im alone, Elizabeth Ann, I'll break your back for 'ee."

In amongst these simple primordial folk who get their living by catching sea creatures, there lurks that ultra-sophisticated being, the artist, who gets his by catching the catcher, immeshing his character in lines more or less cunningly set. Their studios, old cottages or sail lofts fitted with big windows, come upon one here and there, as well as the newer erections of more pretentious style.

Following the winding cliff southward one soon comes to Mousehole, a little fisher village as primitive as its name might seem to suggest. Smaller than Newlyn now, it was once of rather more importance. Above the gray granite village of clustered and huddled cottages and the small, closely-packed harbour rises the hill to Paul, the Parish Church. Old Richard Carew, of Antonie, tells how, one summer morning — "The three-and-twentieth of July, 1595, soon after the sun was risen and had cleared a fogge, which before kept the sea out of sight, 4 gallies of the enemy (Spaine) presented themselves upon the coast over

against Mousehole, and there in a faire Bay landed about two hundred men, pikes and shot, who forthwith sent their forlorne hope, consisting of their basest people, unto the straggled houses of the countrie, about halfe a mi'e compasse or more, by whom were burned, not only the houses they went by, but also the Parish Church of Paul, the force of the fire being such as it utterly ruined all the great stonie pillars thereof; others of them in that time burned that fisher towne Mowgehole; the rest marched as a gard for defence of those firers." Here we get a glimpse into the past, the summer day, the "faire Bay," the armed Spaniards, with shot and pike, the sun gleaming on their morions and gorgets, streaming up amongst the scattered houses with smoking brands, the frightened villagers, men, women and children, seeing from afar the flames and blue smoke that represented all they possessed. Sir Francis Godolphin played the man that day, but in the end the galleys got away, having taken all the revenge they could for the mishaps of their great Armada seven years before.

At Newlyn and Penzance the land is creased by wooded coombes that run between the steep hill sides. Here on the south slopes, and sheltered

West Cornwall as a Sketching Ground



"A BOAT'S CREW, NEWLYN HARBOUR"

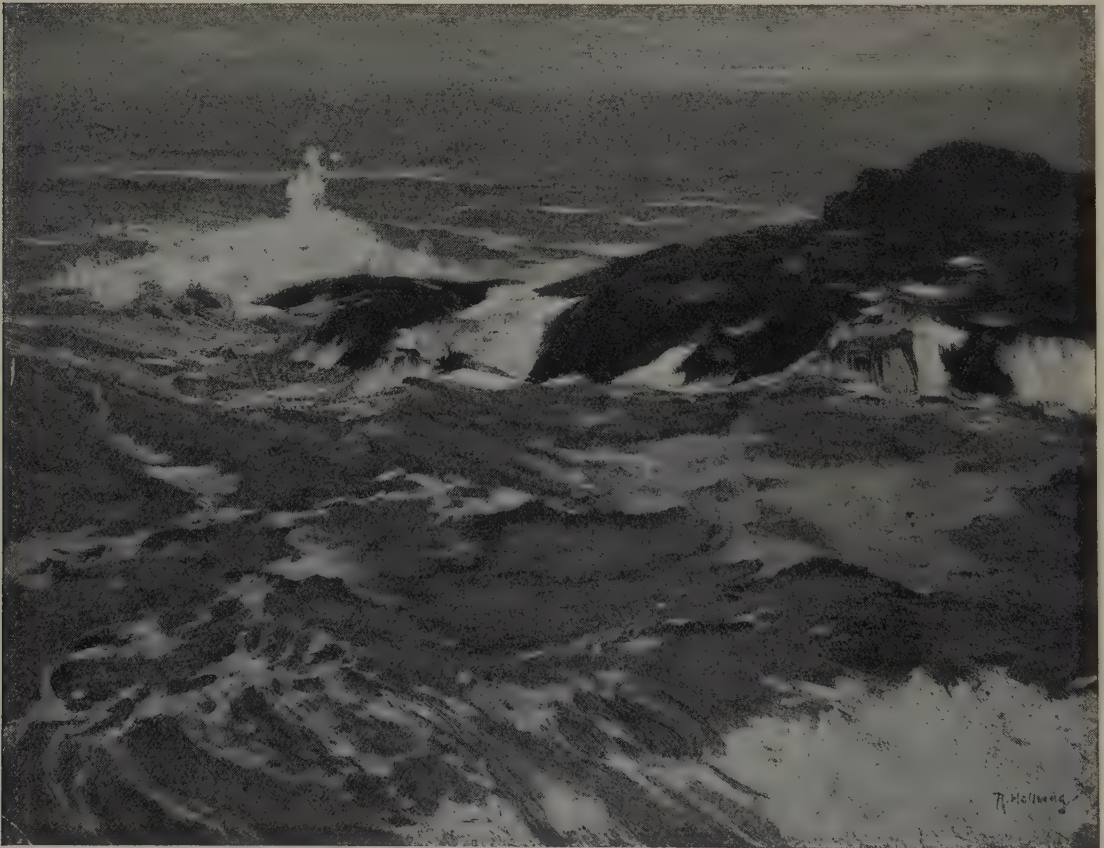
(By permission of Messrs. Dowdeswells)

BY HAROLD HARVEY

from the wind, are gardens of flowers and early vegetables. Narcissi and brocoli are grown in

great quantities, for the spring is caught in the labyrinths of these gardens long before the uplands have shaken off their winter sleep. If one stands on the high ground over Penzance and looks westward it will be seen that towards the north the land is piled up into tall and barren carnes. Stony for the most part, these hills have in the spring a royal mantle of purple and gold in gorse and heather. Southward the land is an undulating table with here and there a shallow valley, but the uplands are treeless grass and fallow lands over

which white gulls drop down the wind with wailing cries as they circle round some brown field that



"THE ETERNAL SURGE"

BY RUDOLF HELLWAG

West Cornwall as a Sketching Ground



"SEAWEED GATHERERS, MOUNTS BAY"

(By permission of Messrs. Dowdeswells)

BY HAROLD HARVEY

as enduring calendars to mark with their pointing fingers the seasons for planting as the yearly procession of the heavens slowly bends some constellation to the opposite horizon.

The square-towered churches that dot the land and here and there a roadside Celtic Cross are almost the only links that bind to-day with the age that set up the stone circles and dolmens; which goes to show how much more enduring thought is than the material adjuncts of life. The farmhouses seem to have almost no antiquity; for the most part they are

the farmer is carving with slow, straining horses. Possibly he ploughs amongst great granite boulders that his forefathers set up some time in the dim past, it may be to worship, or, as some maintain,

hideous in their villa-like modernity, absurdly out of place on this primitive unchanging peninsula. One would like to see some traces of the lives led through all the long ages that followed the men



"MOUNTS BAY"

BY NORMAN GARSTIN

West Cornwall as a Sketching Ground



"NEW BRIDGE"

BY NORMAN GARSTIN

who left us the British villages and underground dwellings, those wonderful survivals from out the mysterious past. But, after all, it is life that kills life, each succeeding generation obliterating its predecessor, while in lonely deserts Nineveh and Palmyra still remain.

There are several little coves and bays on the South coast that harbour a small cluster of fisherfolk. Crabbers for the most part, they also make an occasional haul with mullet or some such ocean dainty. Lamorna, Penberth, Porth Gwarra and Sennen: these coves are usually the ends of valleys which close in some pleasant, murmuring streamlet that comes rejoicing down between the steep hills to the sea.

Sennen Cove, hard by

ominous beam, Pendeen warns the steersman on southward-bearing craft, the "Longships"



"A MOONLIT HARBOUR (ST. IVES)"

BY HILDA FEARON



"ACROSS MOUNTS BAY," FROM THE WATER-
COLOUR BY ELIZABETH FORBES, A.R.W.S.



Sculpture by Mrs. Vonnoh



"BABY" (BRONZE) BY BESSIE POTTER VONNOH

marks the Land's End, and the "Wolf" flares from his lonely tower to the south. The fishermen push out in their small craft, launching themselves on their fateful calling; soon their riding lights will twinkle on the darkling waters and the world ashore settle down to sleep, save that half a mile down underground and extending a mile and a quarter beneath this terrible sea, other lights are glimmering in shafts and galleries where men pick and hew the very foundations of the deep to gather a living for wives and children in the upper air.

N. G.

SOME SCULPTURE BY MRS. VONNOH.

THERE is a decidedly personal note in the work which is being done by Mrs. Bessie Potter Vonnoh, the American sculptor. She looks at her art with a certain clearness of conviction and frankness of intention, which can be welcomed as expressive of her sincerity as a worker, and as revealing her belief in important fundamental principles upon which all the details of her practice are founded. She works, too, it can be seen, under the influence of a sentiment which is characteristically dainty, which has delicacy without weakness and tenderness without sentimentality.

But one of the greatest merits of her production is its essential femininity—its freedom, that is to say, from that affectation of the masculine manner which spoils so much of the work for which women artists are responsible. Many women, indeed, seem to be under the misapprehension that to allow their feminine outlook to become perceptible in their art is to stamp themselves as lacking in æsthetic understanding, and to admit a kind of artistic inferiority. They do not try to develop the characteristically feminine side of their inspiration, but seek to put forward their ideas in what they imagine would be the man's way. Mrs. Vonnoh fortunately does not commit this mistake. Her sculpture has genuine feeling, and it has, too, just the degree of technical power needed to make this feeling properly persuasive. Its vigour and certainty of handling are unquestionable, but it has none of that demonstrative robustness which would have resulted from an attempt to convey an impression of masculine audacity; rather is it convincing in its gentle restraint, its reticence and simplicity, and above all, its charm of womanly sympathy.

That the artist has looked closely at the Tanagra terra-cottas is plainly suggested in most of the statuettes illustrated—in *The Young Mother*, for



"MILDRED"

BY BESSIE POTTER VONNOH

Sculpture by Mrs. Vonnoh



"GIRL DANCING"

BY BESSIE POTTER VONNOH

instance, the group *Enthroned*, the *Sketch*, and most of all, perhaps, in the *Cinderella*—but reference to classic precedent has not made her unsensitive to modern life suggestions. Her work is agreeably alive, and has a pleasant spontaneity which shows that it owes quite as much to impressions of the moment as to study of antique tradition.

No doubt, the personal quality of her achievement comes to some extent from the manner of her training. The only art education she has received was during a period of three years' study at the Chicago Art Institute; beyond that she must be accounted as self-taught, for she has worked in no other school at home or abroad, though she has added to her experiences and enlarged her outlook by foreign travel. But on the comparatively slight foundation of three years' schooling in art she has built up a sufficiently complete executive system, and she has by the exercise of her own intelligence found out how she can best apply her capacities. That she has not wasted her energies is seen by the record of her successes—a bronze medal was awarded to her at the Paris Exhibition in 1900, when she was not more than twenty-eight years

old, and four years later she received a gold medal at the St. Louis Exhibition; and examples of her work have been acquired for the Metropolitan Art Museum at New York and for many other similar institutions. She is, too, a member of the American National Sculpture Society and of the National Academy of Design. Her position in the art world has been well earned by sincere effort and by thoughtful regard for correct æsthetic principles; and she deserves the recognition she has received because she has been consistent in her striving after individuality of the right type.

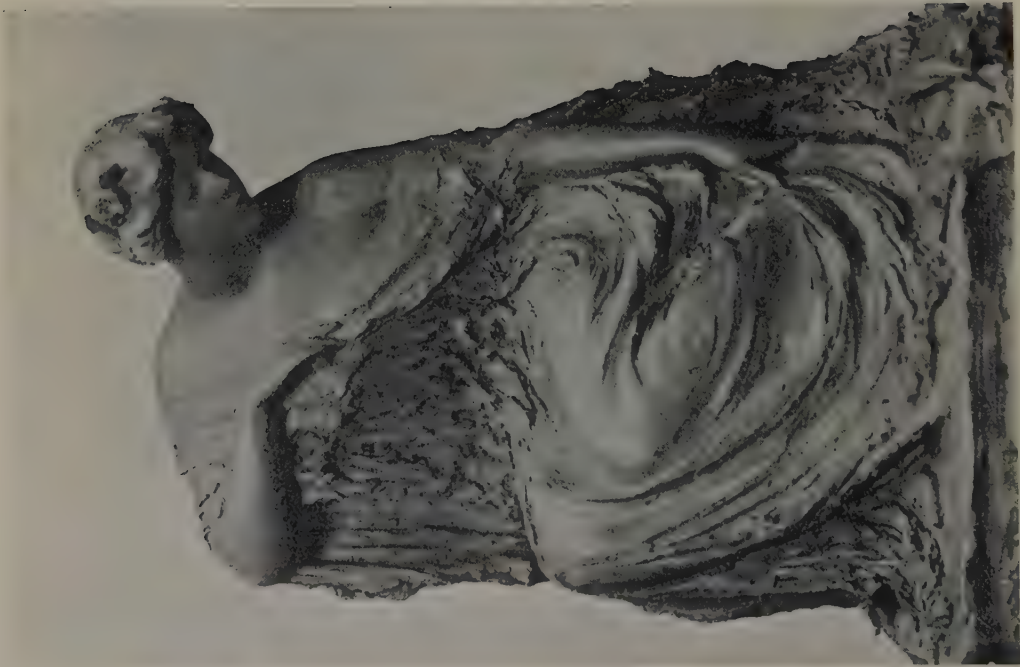


"A SKETCH"

BY BESSIE POTTER VONNOH



"ENTHRONED"
BY BESSIE POTTER VONNOH



BY BESSIE POTTER VONNOH

"CINDERELLA"



"A YOUNG MOTHER"

BY BESSIE POTTER VONNOH

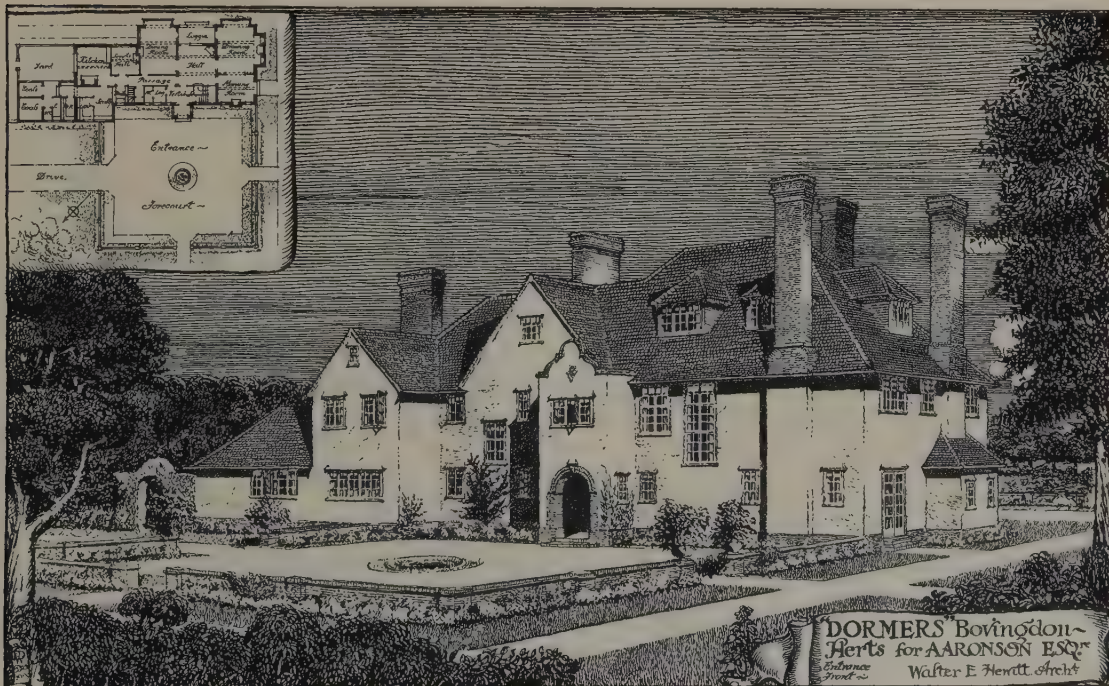
Recent Designs in Domestic Architecture

RECENT DESIGNS IN DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE.

"DORMERS," Bovingdon, Herts, of which the drawing reproduced on this page shows the entrance front, is a house now nearing completion upon a charming site some ten acres in extent, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Boxmoor. The external walls are of 14-in. brickwork roughly rendered with cement stucco and whitened; the plinth, chimney-stacks and dressings, as well as the walls of the forecourt, being in red brick of varied tints; while the roofs are covered with hand-made sand-faced tiles. The accommodation consists on the ground floor of hall, spacious dining and drawing rooms (the longest dimensions in both cases being 23 feet) all opening on to the loggia, a morning-room, servants' sitting-room and the usual offices. On the first floor there are seven bed and dressing rooms, bathrooms, etc.; and on the top floor, in addition to a large billiard or play room affording beautiful views over the surrounding country on all sides, there are two bedrooms, a bathroom, boxroom, etc. An entrance lodge is also being constructed in connection with the house. Mr. Walter E. Hewitt, A.R.I.B.A., of London, is the architect.

Our next illustrations have special interest for

architects who are called upon to make extensive additions to an existing building of an unattractive type. In the case of "Marrowells," at Walton-on-Thames, Mr. Winter Rose had to incorporate in his scheme a villa which originated in one of the most unfortunate periods of domestic architecture in this country (it was built about 1860), and it was desirable to build in as much as possible of this structure while altering the proportions of the still remaining features. The problem of planning which confronted him was, therefore, by no means an easy one. By adopting an angular treatment of the plan he was able to give the best rooms an outlook on the new garden, which is being laid out on architectural lines, and the aspect being south-west, a full share of the sun was secured for them. The new work, indicated in the plan on p. 127 by solid black lines, is designed to be executed in solid oak framing and local brick nogging, whilst the roof is covered with old and new mingled local tiles. The windows are metal casements, filled with leaded lights. The stables are approached through an archway under the chauffeur's quarters (shown in the first of the two illustrations on the next page), which are grouped around the courtyard at the rear of the house. The other view we give is of the garden front. Both illustrations are from drawings by the architect.



"DORMERS," BOVINGDON, HERTS

WALTER E. HEWITT, ARCHITECT

Recent Designs in Domestic Architecture



"MARROWWELLS," WALTON-ON-THAMES: STABLES

A. WINTER ROSE, ARCHITECT

The cottage shown opposite was designed by Mr G. Berkeley Wills, for an elevated site near Brent Tor, commanding extensive views over

Dartmoor and the contiguous Cornish moors, and intended for use chiefly as a summer residence, the requirements of golfers being kept especially in



"MARROWWELLS," WALTON-ON-THAMES: GARDEN FRONT

A. WINTER ROSE, ARCHITECT

Recent Designs in Domestic Architecture



PLAN OF "MARROWELLS," WALTON-ON-THAMES

view. The materials proposed to be used in construction are local stone with granite dressings and stone slated roof; the exterior woodwork being painted white. The plan has been made as com-

whitened, the plinth and chimney caps being constructed of 2-inch hand-made bricks from Loughborough. From the same place came the hand-made sand-faced tiles used for the roof.

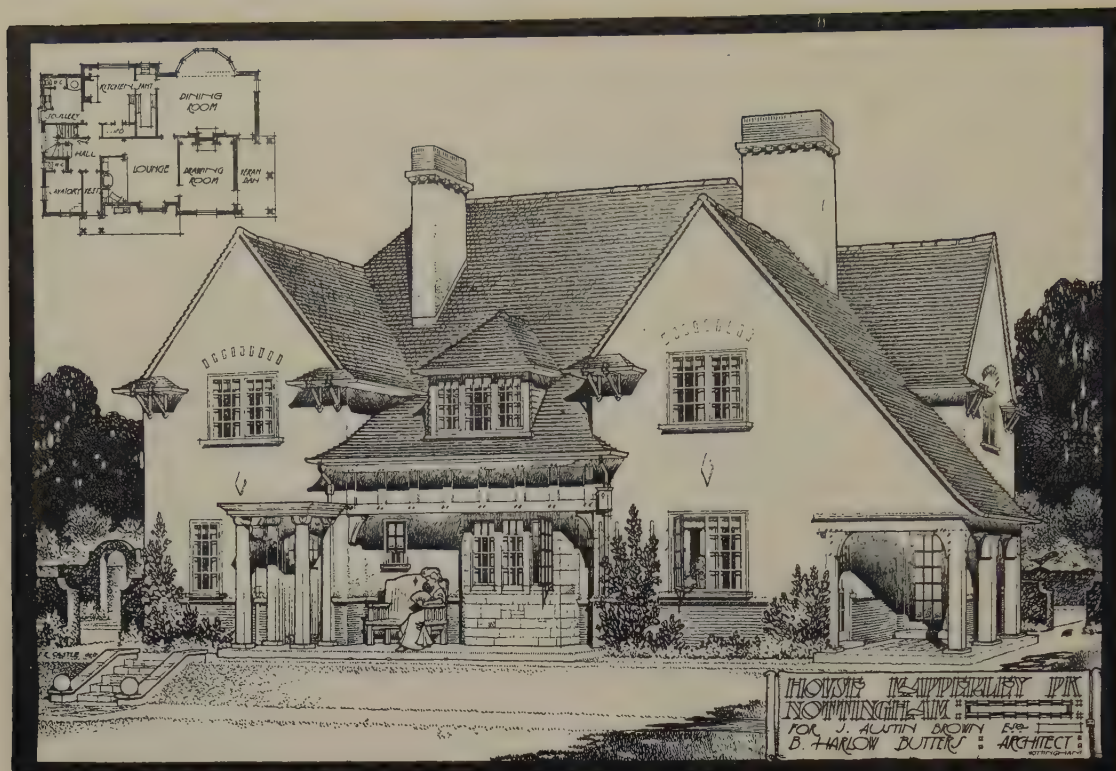
pact as possible, five bedrooms being provided on the first floor. A feature of the plan is the verandah overlooking an extensive tract of country.

The house illustrated on page 128 is one which has been erected at Mapperley Park, on the outskirts of Nottingham, from the designs of the late Mr. Harlow Butters. It occupies a fine site with an extensive outlook embracing the city and the country beyond. Externally the walls are rough-casted and lime



PROPOSED COTTAGE ON DARTMOOR, DEVON

G. BERKELEY WILLS, ARCHITECT



HOUSE AT MAPPERLEY PARK, NOTTINGHAM

B. HARLOW BUTTERS, ARCHITECT

The whole of the external woodwork is in oak, that used for the posts and beams forming the porch and verandah being old wood supplied by the owner. Oak has also been employed internally for panelling the hall and lounge, while the other reception rooms and the principal bedrooms have been treated in white wood. The small inset plan reproduced with the perspective sketch shows the accommodation on the ground floor. On the floor above there are six bedrooms, linen closets, a boxroom and bathroom.

STUDIO-TALK

(From Our Own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—Mr. Clausen's recent exhibition at the Leicester Galleries, to which we briefly referred in advance when reproducing some characteristic works included therein, represented his prolonged contest and many triumphs in a form of art where no perfect achievement comes easily or by receipt, where the difficulties are new ones on every occasion, and new to art as well as to the painter. The problem of sunlight is more difficult in a climate like our own than in southern countries,

and the comparative greyness of the brightest day in England baffles the luminists. There are moments when even Mr. Clausen, with his passion for light, is almost betrayed and his art in danger of losing the qualities of intimate knowledge, the sincere realism, that restrains—but this on the rarest occasions, and his exhibition was a series of extraordinary triumphs at just those points where so many of his contemporaries compromise or evade the only logical but greatly difficult issues of their encounter with bright light. Under no circumstances does the grasp of form of so sensitive a draughtsman as Mr. Clausen become obscured. With outline melting everywhere, the form remains within the effect, shapely, definite and quite matter-of-fact. Things prosaic in themselves are lyrically treated, but not without license. In the case of such a painter nothing could be more welcome to the student of modern painting than such a collection of his works as that brought together, for only thus could an estimate be taken of his achievements and the diversity of his talents meet with full appreciation.

Simultaneously with the exhibition of Mr. Clausen's paintings Mr. Francis James exhibited a collection of his flower-pieces at the Leicester

Studio-Talk

Galleries. If the artist has a rival in painting them in water-colours it will only be among those to whom he has communicated his own point of view. In this show his art was at its happiest, and in such things as *A Studio Note* at its very highest, the slight suggestive treatment compressing no end of knowledge of flowers and of art. Of Brabazon slightly but very welcomely reminiscent, such studies were yet peculiarly the expression of the artist's own attitude towards nature.

From an exhibition at the Doré Galleries of some forty sketches of Victoria, British Columbia, by Mrs. Beanlands (*née* Sophie T. Pemberton), we reproduce one which fully evidences her genuine feeling as a landscape painter. Mrs. Beanlands is the wife of Canon Beanlands, of Victoria, B.C. As a figure and portrait painter she studied under Mr. Cope at South Kensington, at the Westminster School of Art, and at Julien's in Paris, where she won a gold medal for portraiture in the atelier of MM. J. P. Laurens and Benjamin Constant, as well as the Smith-Julien prize. But as a landscape artist she is entirely self-taught, and has developed her own style as a student of nature upon the Pacific Coast, a region of brilliant sunshine and pellucid atmosphere.

Mrs. Beanlands has been a frequent exhibitor in past years at the Royal Academy and the Paris Salon.

The Fine Art Society were showing last month, in addition to a notable collection of Japanese prints, a group of paintings in oil and water-colours entitled *In the Land of the Latins*, by Onorato Carlandi, characterised by the breadth and freedom of treatment which we remarked in a previous exhibition of his at this gallery. In a later issue we hope to reproduce some examples of Sgr. Carlandi's pictures.

Messrs. Wallis & Son of the French Gallery are to be congratulated on the fine selection from the works of Josef Israels, Matthew Maris, Henri Harpignies, and Léon Lhermitte, of which their last exhibition was composed. It is not always at its best that the school to which these painters belong is represented in public exhibitions. *The Young Cook*, by M. Maris; *La Nourrice*, by Lhermitte, and *A Farm at Mont Père*, by the same artist, come back to our mind as amongst the treasures of the show, and such a work as *A View on the Oise* stamped itself on the memory as representing Harpignies, the great master of stillness and untroubled scenes.



"MACAULAY PLAINS, BRITISH COLUMBIA"

BY MRS. S. T. BEANLANDS

Studio-Talk

At the Carfax Gallery the Hon. Neville Lytton and Mr. Charles Louis Geoffroy held an exhibition together. There is some similarity in their aims—the cultivation of the traditional. They are both very content with scholarship for its own sake, and Mr. Lytton adds a sense of romance. As a draughtsman in water-colours of landscapes Mr. Geoffroy's talent takes an extremely high place, but in them again it is nature always viewed through old conventions.

Messrs. Dowdeswell's Galleries were very interesting last month in the exhibition of the art of Jan Steen (1626-1679), with its Hogarth like command of dramatic grouping and impulsive acceptance of every phase of life for subjects. In such single panels as the one of his wife with a mandoline, there is, perhaps, most opportunity to study the beautiful and intimate qualities at the expense of which some of his larger canvases attained their cordial readiness to embrace the difficulties of complicated moving scenes. At the same galleries Miss Eleanor Fortescue Brickdale's drawings, inspired by Browning's poems, exhibited all the characteristics of her painting to advantage. They showed in many fine passages of work advancement even on previous success, and an imagination always responsive to poetical influence. This responsiveness was refreshing, since the poetic title is still adhered to in some quarters only as an adventitious interest to the actual painting.

Mr. Arthur Studd's exhibition at the Alpine Club last month was of especial interest. Mr. Studd is in love with Venice, and it is to her service that the chief part of his talent has been devoted. He has cared little, however, for the many-coloured splendour in which a multitude of her lovers has delighted to deck her. Instead of the numberless gems of every hue, he has chosen the opal alone as the symbol of her beauty, and has taken pleasure rather in evoking through a veil of misty greys and blues a subtler variety of shifting tints. He has painted her as she has appeared to him, quite simply in a mantle of vapour and with her girdle of the sea, and has sought in each picture to give a kind of lyrical expression to the mood induced by what he has seen and felt. Next to Venice, he has been particularly attracted by the queen of Spanish cities, Seville. In the formation of his style Mr. Studd has come largely under the influence of Whistler,

with whom he was on terms of friendship. It is evident, at the same time, that he has learned much at first hand from some of the original sources of inspiration to which the phase of art represented by his master is itself indebted. His paintings are always agreeable in tone and pleasing in design, and they are at the same time clearly the work of a refined culture and a loving hand.

At the Ryder Gallery last month Mr. Stewart Dick exhibited a collection of water-colours and paintings, principally of Spanish scenes. Mr. Dick is much more successful with the medium of water-colour, which he handles with greater firmness and decision than is apparent in his oils, and in addition his water-colours reveal a finer harmony of colour. The qualities we refer to were seen to advantage in such subjects among others as *View from the Bridge of Toledo, Madrid*; *Church of San Antonio, Madrid*; and *Trees in Knole Park, Sevenoaks*.



"THE RED BRICK HOUSE"

BY ARTHUR STUDD

Studio-Talk



"THE GREAT WHITE DOME"

(By permission of His Honour Judge Sanders)

BY ARTHUR STUDD



"THE FRUIT-SELLER"

BY ARTHUR STUDD

Studio-Talk

The reredos illustrated on this page has been made to the design of Mr. Frank L. Pearson, and its execution entrusted to Mr. Starkie Gardner. It is of repoussé bronze, known as "gilding" metal, relieved by a jewelled and enamelled border and spandrels of filigree, and measures about 7 feet by 5 feet. The whole has been gilt by the mercury process and finished to a dull hand polish. There is no modelled or applied work in the embossing, nor any casting whatever in the reredos. The central panel is recessed and beaten in high relief, the figure of our Lord being almost disengaged from the background, out of which it was hammered. Over the panel is a projecting domed canopy, and below a projecting tabernacle or ciborium—the framing of this central plaque being completed by the four archangels also under canopies. On either side on a nearer plane are scenes of the Passion in bas relief under arcades, the spandrels filled in with filigree and jewels. Rough models of the figures were produced by Mr. Nathaniel Hitch to guide the embossers, to

whom, as to the rest of the workers, considerable freedom was allowed. The arcaded base projects a few inches, and the whole is recessed within a frame, the splayed member consisting of a rich filigree border with cloisonné enamels and jewels. These are mostly semi-precious rock crystal with its amethystine and topaz varieties, emeralds, sapphires, garnets, lapis, pearls and occasional translucent enamels. The backing is oak covered with old crimson velvet brocade, and the supports are of forged and gilded iron. It stands in a subdued light, the central object in a crypt of rich marble and mosaic work.

Charles Conder found in the shape of the fan both a basis for design and a much needed limit ready set to his faculty for exhaustless improvisation. In the fan, which we reproduce, as with the Japanese, the decoration is subordinate to the character of the object decorated. This is a virtue not to be discovered always in later work. From some examples of his art it is to be presumed



REREDOS

EXECUTED BY J. STARKIE GARDINER FROM A DESIGN BY FRANK L. PEARSON



PAINTED SILK FAN. BY CHARLES CONDER





DRAWING. BY CHARLES CONDER

that he only retained the fan shape for the reasons we have indicated, and as an excuse for the silk surface upon which he preferred to work. But the fan is only an incident in the story of his painting, and to refer to him, as one writer did at the time of his death, as the master of the fan, is somewhat to obscure the nature of his genius as a painter, which was great enough in itself to be altogether independent of the ends to which he adapted it.



"THE FAIRY SHIP:" PANEL IN BEATEN BRASS BY MARION H. WILSON



"SPRING:" PANEL IN BEATEN COPPER BY MARION H. WILSON

GLASGOW. — Miss Marion Wilson, one of the many *alumni* of the Glasgow School of Art to develop marked individuality, works in such metal mediums as brass, copper, steel and block tin; selecting her subjects from the full figure, cherubs' heads, ships in full sail, the peacock, the night owl, and the decorative rose; with these and other *motifs* she embellishes screens, overmantels, hanging and table clocks, jardinières, mirror frames, vases, plaques, sconces, door furniture, electric bell pushes, switch plates, and other adjuncts employed in the decoration of the house. In every case the designing and craftsmanship are alike distin-

guished, and the method adopted by the artist, of throwing the deeper parts of the work into shadow by smoking the whole metal surface in the flame of a candle, thereafter polishing the raised parts, enhances the effect materially. In such work as that now illustrated, the detail is all executed with assiduous care, and particularly in the steel panels and those in "antique brass," the contrast of almost black-and-white resulting from the process described, is most striking. Like many other modern artists Miss Wilson is not limited to one department of art; she paints



TWO PANELS IN BEATEN BRASS

BY MARION H. WILSON

Studio-Talk

and models; and her pictures and casts are to be seen from time to time at many of the local exhibitions.

The art of embroidering is extensively practised here, and no one brings greater charm of execution to it than Verona T. W. Smith. Her design is always striking, but its chief merit lies in the skill with which the colours are blended, the foundation and pattern forming a harmony at once complete and pleasing. This is a strong point with artists of the Glasgow School, as frequenters of exhibitions know; in applied art it is particularly marked. Miss Smith does not confine her



CUSHION EMBROIDERED
ON GREEN SILK

DESIGNED AND EXECUTED
BY VERONA T. W. SMITH

coat-of-arms, in which the incident connected with Saint Mungo is too often hopelessly involved,



CUSHION EMBROIDERED
ON GREY LINEN

DESIGNED AND EXECUTED
BY VERONA T. W. SMITH

attention to needle-work; enamelling has great attractions for her, and she has drawn many fine examples from the kiln.

In the ever-widening circle of artistic workers in Glasgow, Miss De C. Lewthwaite Dewar takes a deservedly high position; her work showing imaginative charm and executive ability. She is a native of Ceylon and her portfolio contains a striking series of sketches of that sunny island; her studio is rich in water-colour and illuminated drawings, beaten metal work, enamelling, engraving, dainty work in jewellery—for which the fingers of a woman seem specially fashioned, and book illustration, to which Miss Dewar brings a wide culture and a full devotion that ensures alike interest and success. The triptych here illustrated is a striking example of the artist's method; the simple directness in the design of Glasgow's



CASE ENCLOSING CHAMPLEVÉ ENAMEL TRIPTYCH.
DESIGNED AND EXECUTED IN BEATEN STEEL
WITH COPPER BANDS AND MOONSTONES

BY MISS DE C. LEWTHWAITE DEWAR

Studio-Talk

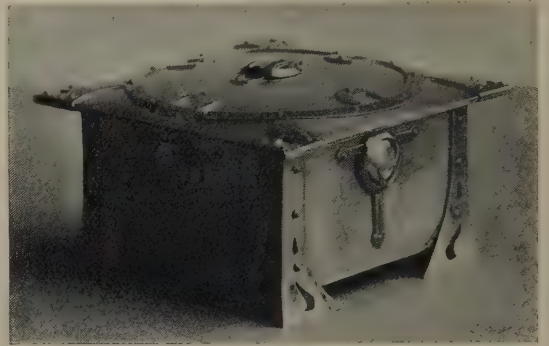


TIMEPIECE IN BEATEN BRASS
BY MARION H. WILSON

is in keeping with the restraint that characterises the outside of the casket. Within, the rich cham-plevé enamel with sumptuous lustre, is in striking contrast, typical of the-varying moods of the artist. The small casket in silveroid on this page, set with lumps of enamel as jewels held in position by perforated straps of copper, represents a successful experiment in enamelling.

J. T.

announced his "arrival." Of Spanish descent he finds in the subjects of his own country the best expression of his art. This fact he has brilliantly attested this year in his large work *Le Départ*, an episode from the races at Valencia in the eighteenth century, and of which further description is rendered unnecessary by the reproduction which accompanies these notes. It is the work of a brilliant colourist, who has broadly and boldly



CASKET IN METAL AND ENAMEL
BY MISS DE C. LEWTHWAITE DEWAR

PARIS.—At the Salon des Artistes Français this year, the work of M. Vila y Prades, a young Spanish artist of considerable talent and a robust style, attracted notice. His previous contributions already made us acquainted with his undoubted gifts, and notably his large triptych called *Le dernier Ami*, a mournful page from Breton life. It has not, however, been this side of his art that has

distributed his light and shade, and who has here succeeded in giving us those extraordinary contrasts which constitute the secret of the Spanish school of painting. M. Vila y Prades is a disciple of Sorolla y Bastida, and one can with truth assert that the pupil is worthy of the master. Like him,

Vila is an excellent painter of seascapes, and his palette renders the loveliest cerulean and glaucous tones of the Mediterranean. I will only cite his painting *Dans l'eau* here-with reproduced, which shows us a woman wading through the breakers. The picture *Le Bain* is on account of its light equally excellent. Up till now Vila y Prades has been little known in France. He had a triumphant exhibition at Buenos Ayres, and I trust it will not be long before we see an *ensemble* of his works either in Paris or in London which shall



"LE BAIN"

BY J. VILA Y PRADES



"LE DÉPART"

BY J. VILA Y PRADES

be crowned with the success which his talent indubitably deserves.

An exhibition of paintings by Claude Monet is always an important event in Paris, and furthermore it is the case with this great artist, as with Rodin, that no matter what pictures he exhibits, no matter what criticisms may be levelled against him, one finds ever in his work new evidence of a strong and noble personality and of great conscientiousness. M. Claude Monet showed recently in the Durand-Ruel galleries forty-eight paintings, the fruits of his work during the last five years, to which he has given the general title of *Les Nymphéas, paysage d'eau*, each depicting at different seasons of the year and different hours of the

day the diverse aspects of a little lily pond in the artist's garden at Vétheuil. In this series Monet has returned to a method, already followed with



"DANS L'EAU"

BY J. VILA Y PRADES



"LES NYMPHÉAS : PAYSAGE D'EAU"

(By permission of MM. Durand-Ruel)

BY CLAUDE MONET

much success in his paintings of cathedrals and other subjects, in which his great talents as a colourist are triumphantly displayed.

The works on exhibition formed a very beautiful *ensemble*, and will certainly rank as one of the most notable artistic achievements of recent years. One could not have imagined it possible to depict, as the artist has done with so much grandeur, these few square yards of water, in which the sky is reflected—now restless and stormy, now calm and still. Only a painter of Claude Monet's refined and delicate vision could have succeeded in capturing our attention and fascinating us by a repetition forty-eight times of the same theme; in fact, the lines and drawing remain always the same, although the colouring and lighting vary every time. I am convinced, however, that these pictures will gain immeasurably by being seen

apart from one another, and that to appreciate them at their full value we must wait until they appear separately in the various galleries and private collections.

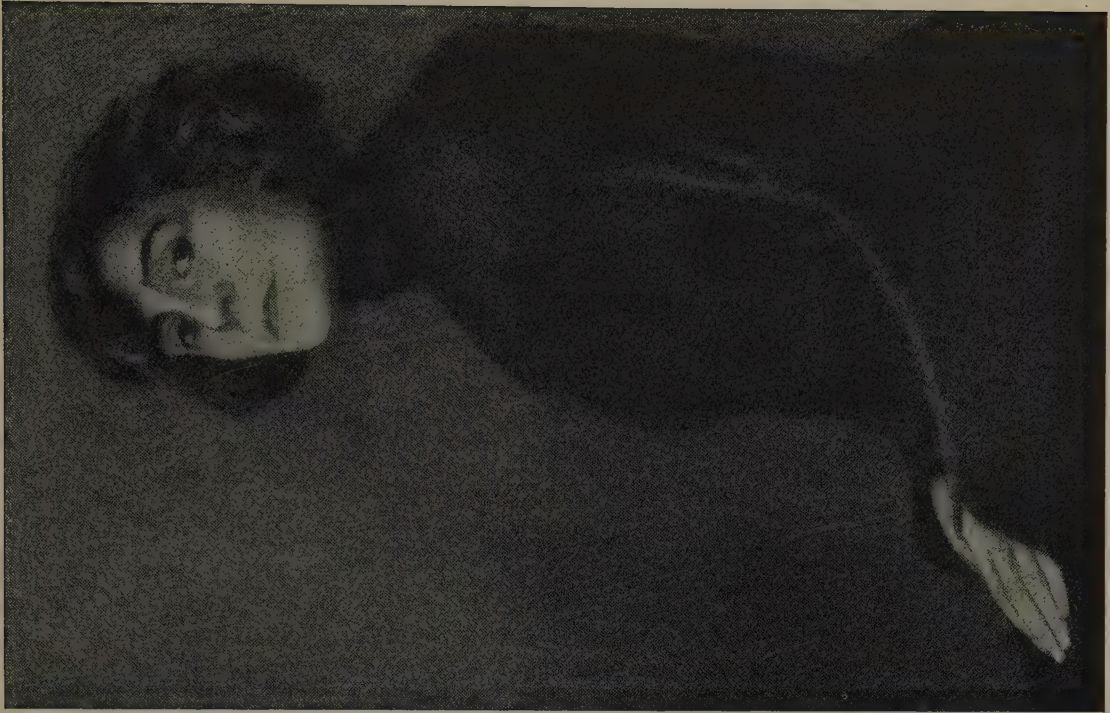
H. F.

VIENNA.—Some seven years ago a youth begged admittance as a student at the Imperial Arts and Crafts School here. He was poor and unknown, his German was so scanty that he could not make himself understood, but the drawings he showed spoke so eloquently that Baron Myrbach, the then director, at once accepted him as a pupil in his own special class. This youth was Tomislav Krizman. He had run away from his home in a tiny place in Croatia, resolved to undergo all hardships rather than enter the commercial life for which he had been trained. His parents had no sympathy with art, but in the boy the artistic impulse was all-



SELF-PORTRAIT (ETCHING)

BY TOMISLAV KRIZMAN



PORTRAIT OF MARYA DELVARD (ETCHING)

BY TOMISLAV KRIZMAN

Studio-Talk

powerful. Before he came to Vienna he had never had a lesson in drawing, but at a very early age his talent showed itself. He used to sell his drawings, and carefully hoarded his small gains in preparation for his flight. In Vienna he had to keep himself going by designing placards, never, however, losing sight of his larger aims. He has already begun to reap the rewards of his perseverance. With the proceeds of two exhibitions, held in his own studio, he has been able to go to Paris, where he is now studying and experimenting, in the hope of finding some new methods in graphic art. His prints have also been acquired for the Albertina and other collections. An etched portrait he exhibited at the Künstlerhaus attracted the notice of the Emperor, who gave him a commission to go to Bosnia and make a series of drawings.

Krizman is a wood engraver and an etcher, and has distinguished himself both in portraiture and landscape. For portraits he prefers large plates, which, after etching in the usual manner, he finishes with touches of the dry point, so as to obtain that softness which he considers essential

in such cases. But it is perhaps in his scenes from Dalmatia, Herzegovina, and Bosnia that his individuality of perception and method is best displayed. These form the subject of numerous wood engravings and etchings, and have been rendered with much poetic feeling. The procedure he pursues in his coloured etchings is interesting. These are much smaller than his portrait plates; they are drawn with the needle, but the etching is deliberately allowed to go deeper than usual in order that greater softness and gradation of tone may be achieved. For the colour impression, obtained from the same plate, he uses oil colours, which he works in with his fingers, mixing them in this way as he goes along. By this means he obtains the fine colour and atmospheric effects and the soft tones by which these etchings are characterised; and it should be added that he never dots or lines his plates or avails himself of any kindred device often resorted to for guidance. Krizman does his own printing, which requires much delicacy of manipulation.

The Spring Exhibitions of the Hagenbund have always a fresh exhilarating feeling about them



"TRAVNIK, BOSNIA" (COLOURED ETCHING)

BY TOMISLAV KRIZMAN



"A STREET IN SARAJEVO," FROM THE COLOURED
ETCHING BY TOMISLAV KRIZMAN.



Studio-Talk



"BEGOVA STREET, SARAJEVO" (WOOD-CUT)

BY TOMISLAV KRIZMAN

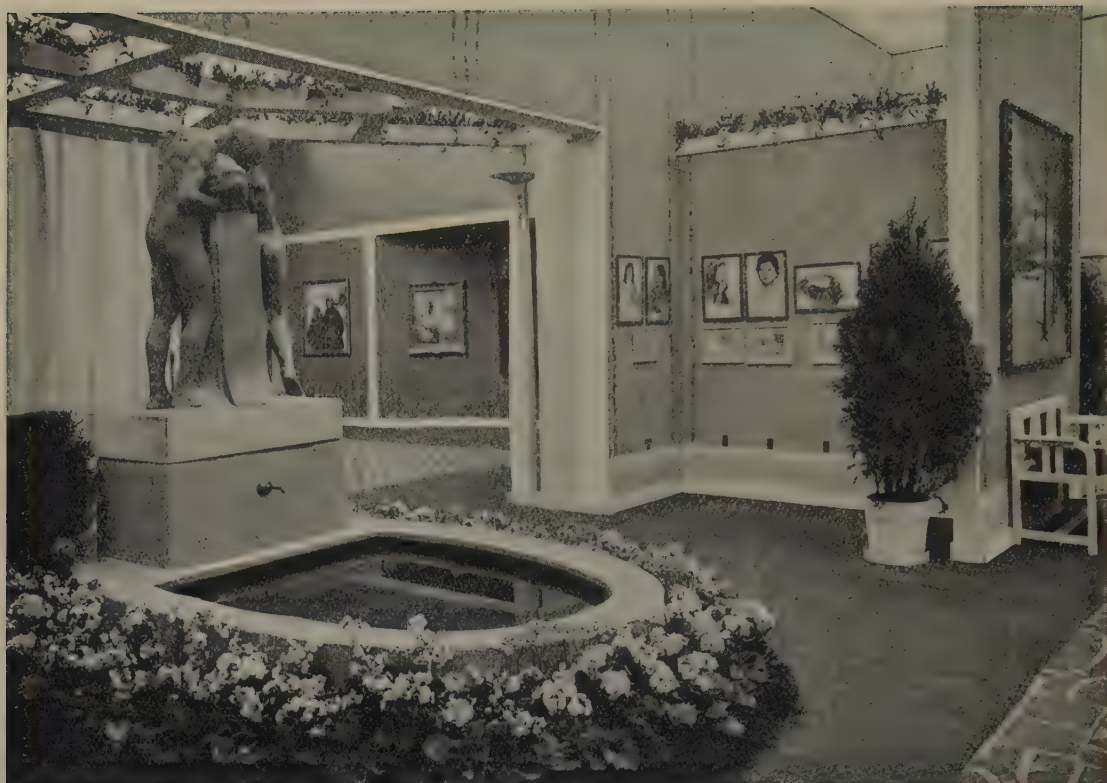
about Graf's vivid colouring, which has given rise to some criticism, few will be found to cavil with his delightful landscapes, chiefly of Southern Tyrol; many of these are nothing more than simple chalk drawings, but all alike are full of genuine artistic feeling. August Roth, Hugo Baar, Alexander Goltz, and Gustav Bamberger are other painters who contribute beautiful landscapes from various parts of the Empire. Joša Uprka's scenes of village life in Moravia should also be named, for they bear the impress of an artist who has spent his life among the people. Nor must I omit to mention in this

which makes them fully in keeping with the time of year, and the present one is no exception. All the rooms save two (which were assigned to Josef Urban) were entrusted to Oskar Laske for arrangement, and he has again given proof of his good taste and judgment in the management of interiors. The exhibition contains an admirable selection of works, numbering just over two hundred. Of particular interest are the contributions of Ludwig Ferdinand Graf, chiefly pastels, especially notable being his portrait of Madame Laurent, who is wearing a diaphanous over-dress of orange, beneath which is visible a gown of rose colour. Whatever may be said



PORTRAIT OF MADAME LAURENT (PASTEL)

BY LUDWIG FERDINAND GRAF



INTERIOR HAGENBUND SPRING EXHIBITION

ARRANGED BY ARCHITECT OSKAR LASKE

SCULPTURE GROUP BY JOSEF HEU



INTERIOR HAGENBUND SPRING EXHIBITION

ARRANGED BY ARCHITECT JOSEF URBAN

WINDOW BY H. VON UZIEMBLO. EQUESTRIAN WOOD STATUE BY F. BARWIG



"A STREET IN BOZEN" (COLOURED CHALKS)

BY LUDWIG F. GRAF

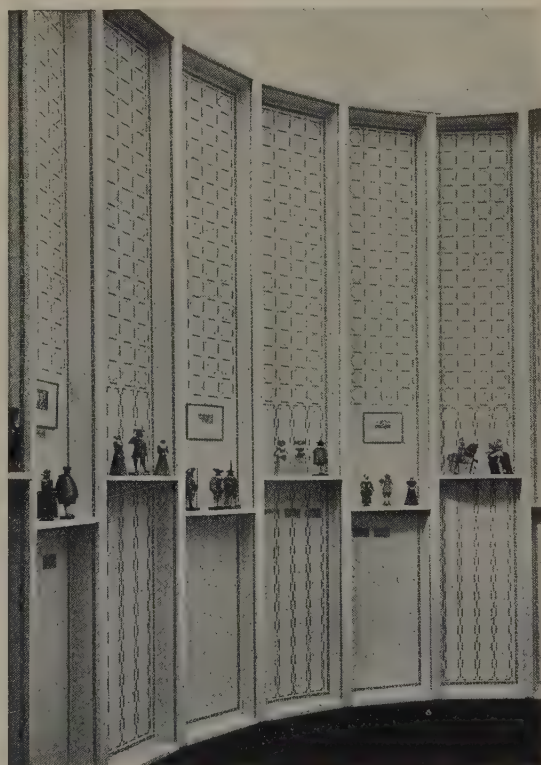
brief notice such capital landscapes as those by Professor Hegenbarth, Walter Hampel, Ferdinand Dorsch, A. Gross, and the two Prague artists, Josef Ullmann and Alois Kalwoda.

Of the portrait and figure subjects, besides those by Graf above named, there are some good examples by Leo Delitz, A. O. Alexander (whose *Disharmonie*, a group of nude female figures enveloped in mist, is remarkable for its daring interpretation of light), Prof. T. Axentowicz (who shows some fine pastel portraits), August Roth, A. D. Goltz, G. J. Buchner, Ludwig Vacatko, and others. The Czech artist, Ottokar Nejedly, achieves a noteworthy success in his *Festtag*, a view of the ancient city of Prague *en fête*, with the Hradschin in the distance; and Vaclav Maly, another Czech painter, in a scene from the Böhmerwald, showing a religious procession in progress, is no less successful.

Graphic art is well represented on this occasion by Richard Lux, Franz Simon and Rudolf Junk. The last named is an artist of much originality and variety; he exhibits coloured etchings and wood-engravings, water-

colours, book ornaments, besides a few works in oil, and I hope to say more about him on another occasion. I must also name some excellent drawings by Prof. Mehoffer, of Cracow, whence also come some good sketches for stained glass windows by Kasimir Sichulski, and a painted window by Henryk von Uziemblo.

The sculpture, though not numerically strong, is good in quality; Josef Heu's fountain group, *Frühlingserwachen*, in Untersberger marble (see p. 146), and his bust of *Frau Graf*, being among the chief items, in which should also be



INTERIOR HAGENBUND SPRING EXHIBITION, VIENNA
ARRANGED BY JOSEF URBAN
CARVED WOOD FIGURES BY FRANZ BARWIG



"LA SARVA"

BY A. REHFOFS

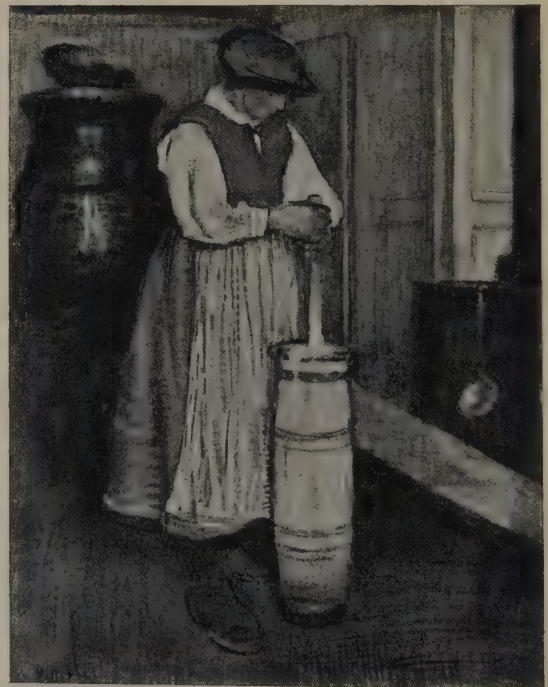
included Karl Stemolak's *Halbfigur*. Franz Barwig's wood-sculpture is well known to readers of THE STUDIO, and on this occasion a large and interesting group of his figures adds greatly to the attractions of the show. In these he has revived the types of past centuries—merchants and burgomasters and their wives, tradesmen, peasants, huntsmen, and so forth; his equestrian figure of Rudolf von Habsburg being an especially fine bit of work. I must also name here some clever wood intarsia pictures by Count Herbert Schaffgotsch, who has for some years been executing this kind of work, and has now attained a wonderful facility in blending his various woods to form pictorial compositions.

A. S. L.

GENEVA.—The recent Exhibition, organised at the Rath Museum in Geneva, by the Société des Peintres, Sculpteurs et Architectes Suisses, was of a highly interesting and individual character. The Rath Museum—the artistic wealth of which is being removed to the splendid new Historical and Art Museum, soon to be opened in another part of the city—

is still to be utilized for exhibitions, and its galleries lend themselves admirably to this purpose, as was apparent on that occasion. The Exhibition of the "Société" was not large, but it was characteristic. About 50 artists exhibited, and there were some 175 works hung in the very best light and seen to the best advantage. Painting predominated, the sculpture being exceedingly sparse, though of value and well placed.

It may be said that in these tastefully arranged Galleries, the works of three groups of Swiss artists were on view: those of M. F. Hodler and the Hodlerians; those of a strongly individual and mature group, and those of our young and promising painters. As to the first, M. Hodler himself contributed three pictures; the principal of vast dimensions, in which the artist gives us a repetition of his well-known figures. Here once more, it would seem, he seeks to give expression to that theory of parallelism on which so much of his painting is



"FEMME BATTANT LE BEURRE"

BY ED. VALLET



"PAYSAGE À SAVIÈZE"

BY A. SILVESTRE

Of the contributions of the members of the second group, one cannot speak too highly. They were the works of artists who have no special theory to proclaim, who are devoted to their *métier* for its own sake, and many of whom have attained the plenitude of their power, while all of them have that passion for nature so strong in the race from Rousseau downwards. These artists constitute in themselves a modern Swiss school of landscapists whose works are an honour to the country and deserve to be more widely known than they are. Amongst them

based. To my thinking, in spite of certain merits, this work indicates no further progress in the artist's development. M. Hodler's best work is, without doubt, to be seen in his frescoes, such as those which adorn the National Museum at Zurich, and those he has just executed for the University of Jena. In such achievements as these, the artist's extraordinary vigour of draughtsmanship and that archaic sentiment as of the old Swiss painters, so strong in him, find their native expression; but not in such work as the vast and nameless canvas which he contributed on this occasion. Unfortunately M. Hodler has, among some of our young painters, imitators who lack his peculiar gifts. They would do better to endeavour to give expression to their own artistic faith, as is the case with M. Hermes, who, though one of M. Hodler's disciples, has a distinct vision of his own, evident in his well-executed drawings and portraits.

may be mentioned M.M. A. Rehfsou, L. Dunki, D. Estoppey, H. Coutau, G. de Beaumont, E. Silvestre, E. Ravel, G. Crosnier, H. de Saussure, O. Vautier, G. Guibentif, E. Vallet, A. Cacheux, E. Franzoni, G. Maunoir, A. Trachsel, and others. Their contributions have the charm and value of work done, not with a view to an exhibition, but



"L'AUTRE MISÈRE"

BY S. PAHNKE

Studio-Talk

in the untrammelled and frank delight of the exercise of their art face to face with nature. They deal for the most part with Swiss landscape and life, not in the higher Alpine regions, but by the lake side or in the canton of Valais, which has of late evidently had a special attraction for our artists. Noteworthy amongst these were the *Brume et Soleil* and *Lac de Morat*, by M. Estoppey; the *Paysage à Savièze* and *L'hiver à Savièze* by M. Silvestre; *La route de Saillon*, *Intérieur en Valais* and *La Sarva (Va'ais)*, by M. Rehfois; *Les Femmes de Savièze*, by M. Vautier; *Les Rives du Lac* and *Portrait de Mlle. M. G.*, by M. H. de Saussure; *Le Printemps est proche* and *Femme battant le beurre*, by M. Vallet; *Genève, crépuscule* and *Chant de printemps*, by M. Rheiner, and M. Forestier's contributions of still life. Mention also deserves to be made of the splendid enamels of MM. Dumont and Demole.

The exhibits of the artists of the third group speak well for the future. Full of promise is work of such distinction as M. Duvoisin's *Vue d'Italie*, not to mention his treatment of still life and of portraiture. The same may be said of M. S. Pahnke, whose *L'autre misère* is admirable alike from the point of view of composition and the purity of its drawing. Amongst our young painters, the works of MM. Jaccbi, E. L. Baud, A. Blanchet, J. Hellé, G. Kohler, G. Turrettini, G. Matthey, E. Morrad, M. Sarkisoff, and last, but not least E. Hornung, revealed a sincerity of purpose, an audacity of research and an individual talent, rich in possibilities.

Though the sculpture occupied a comparatively small place, it was of noteworthy quality, specially the two busts contributed by that powerful Swiss sculptor, M. Vibert, and a remarkable *Beethoven*, by M. Hubacher. To these may be added a vigorous *Etude de taurau* in bronze, by M. Sarkisoff. Taken altogether,

this exhibition gave a very clear idea of certain tendencies in modern Swiss art to which I have already alluded, and afforded the opportunity, not always to be had at exhibitions, of seeing the artist at work, not with an eye to the public, but with an eye to his *métier*. R. MOBBS.

BERLIN.—The death of Professor Alfred Messel this spring has bereft Germany of one of its best architects. Berlin especially has to lament this heavy loss, as it was Messel who seemed destined to lead architecture into the way of distinguished simplicity and harmonious monumentality. Fortunately a number of public and private buildings, especially the great Wertheim warehouse (p. 152), will long remain to impress on the minds of Berlin architects the lessons he taught. When



VILLA FOTTI, GRUNEWALD, NEAR BERLIN

A. MESSEL, ARCHITECT



LODGE OF "VILLA DOTTI," GRUNEWALD, NEAR BERLIN

ALFRED MESSEL, ARCHITECT



"VILLA BRAUN," GRUNEWALD, NEAR BERLIN

ALFRED MESSEL, ARCHITECT

early in his career he came hither from Darmstadt, where he was born some 56 years ago, and where the new National Museum testifies to his genius, he found Berlin a far different city to what it is now. Then it was scarcely more than a provincial capital, but he lived to see it become a huge "Weltstadt." He helped to bring about a considerable improvement in the architectural amenities of the city, though far from as much as he would have wished. When he started practice here the type of architecture which found general favour could not but repel a man of his artistic sensitiveness. Fantastic, meaningless decoration was considered indispensable; the virtues of simplicity were ignored, and rarely was any thought paid to the need of congruity between the general design and plan of a building and the purpose for which it was destined. Messel, who, though not to be classed as one of the "Moderns," deserves to rank as their noblest leader, did his best to introduce more rational principles. He was the founder of the modern typical "Warenhaus-Stil," but the splendid corner annexe to the "Haus Wertheim" (see illustration below), dating from 1905, betrays cravings for something far beyond mere practica-

bility—the longing of the master-architect for real beauty. In Messel's art Gothicism, Renaissance and Barock have undergone an ennobling re-birth. He died in the middle of his work for the new Berlin museums.

Some of the best examples of Prof. Messel's designs in domestic architecture are to be found in the West End of Berlin and in the villa-colony at Grunewald, about half-an-hour's journey from the centre. The general aim which the founders of this colony had in view was to build houses with a reposeful, artistic environment for the man of business. Two of the houses in this colony which Prof. Messel designed are illustrated, the one a large house with a lodge (also illustrated), the other a small compact villa, comparatively inexpensive in construction.

J. J.

PITTSBURG, Pennsylvania. — Two hundred and ninety-six works were included in the catalogue of the annual exhibition of the Carnegie Institute, and of these more than half were sent from abroad. Of all the nations Great Britain was probably most largely represented, though the French, including



ANNEXE TO "HAUS WERTHEIM," BERLIN

ALFRED MESSEL, ARCHITECT



"PLAZA DE VALENCIA"

BY JOAQUIM SOROLLA Y BASTIDA

Americans residing in Paris, made also generous contribution.

Of the seven awards, four went to British painters; a medal of the second class, with a prize of \$1,000, being given to Mr. George Sauter, for *The Bridal Morning*, and honourable mentions being accorded to Mr. Arnesby Brown for *The Gate*; to Mr. Stanhope A. Forbes for the *Village Industry*, and to Mr. E. A. Hornel for one of his inimitable paintings of children in a flowery field, entitled *Amusement*. The medal of the first class went to Mr. E. C. Tarbell, of Boston, for a masterly little interior, *Girl Crocheting*; and the medal of the third class to Mr. Bruce Crane, of New York, for an impressive transcription of a bare hillside in November.

A special feature of this exhibition was a group of paintings by Mr. Alfred East, who was a member of the international jury. By invitation of the Director of the Department of Fine Arts of the Carnegie Institute, Mr. John W. Beatty, twenty-five of his landscapes were shown; one entire gallery being allotted to them. The majority of

these had previously been exhibited in England and on the Continent, but two were very recent works, made, in fact, after Mr. East arrived in Pittsburg. The American landscape painter, Mr. Henry W. Ranger, likewise, by special invitation, contributed a large group. Some excellent landscapes were also included in the main section of the exhibition.

In portraits, numerically, the exhibition was not especially strong, but the few which were shown were of peculiar interest. In the first large gallery were to be seen a clear-cut portrait by Miss Cecilia Beaux, of a *Mother and Son*, sculpturesque in its strong modelling and frank demarcation of planes; Gari Melchers' portrait of ex-President Roosevelt in riding costume, a work just failing to attain greatness; and John W. Alexander's masterly portrait of Miss Helen Beatty, painted in an exceedingly decorative and characteristic manner. In the adjoining gallery an excellent portrait of Mrs. A. W. Drake, by Irving Wiles, was to be specially remarked, and in one of the smaller rooms, excellent work of this kind by Louise Betts and Ellen G. Emmet was noted.



"SLUMBERING WATERS"

BY J. ARCHIBALD BROWNE

The transcription of sunlight seemed to have absorbed much attention, and in many instances was cleverly accomplished. Of these, Miss Lillian Genth's chaste nudes deserve special mention, as does also Señor Sorolla's delightful little Spanish beach scene. Of the figure paintings much might be said, but in addition to those winning honours, reference can only be made to Childe Hassam's *Spring Morning*, impressionistic in treatment; to Gari Melcher's *Morning Room*, a frank, realistic statement none the less lovely; and to Charles W. Hawthorne's toneful and sympathetic rendering of a *Mother and Child*. L. M.

TORONTO.—Although a young country, devoid of any art traditions and without many wealthy patrons, Canada is making rapid headway in painting and sculpture. A few years ago pictures were an unknown quantity, and whilst works of a merely decorative char-

acter were to be found in some houses, there was no serious thought of art in its higher sense, and but little interest was taken in furthering the aim and scope of the artist to produce anything more than the mere work of colouring a landscape or producing a likeness in portraiture. All this has been changed, and in a marvellously short space of time there has been created a taste for the best that art can produce. Many private collections have been made, and a desire to possess the best works of the greatest men has actuated many of the

wealthier class here, in Montreal and other large centres. Perhaps in no other country can be found finer examples of the Barbizon painters or of the nineteenth-century Dutchmen than will be seen by a visit to a dozen fine private galleries in Canada. Magnificent paintings by Israels, Mauve, the Maris brothers, Weissenbruch and others of the



"QUAI DES GRANDS AUGUSTINS, PARIS: WINTER"

BY J. W. MORRICE



"BOY FEEDING PIGS"

BY HORATIO WALKER

(Copyright photo by N. E. Montross)

modern Dutch school, and splendid works by Corot and his fellow artists, as well as worthy examples of the works of Reynolds and the other great English portrait painters may be seen, where once were bare walls or indifferent decorations. The spirit, being once awakened, seems to have accomplished magical results. Not content with foreign pictures, the collectors turned to the native field, and by their support and discrimination have given a great impetus to our own artists. Finding that the public taste and appreciation are being educated and developed, Canadian artists realize that it is no longer of any avail to go on painting inanimate soulless work. They, too, feel that they must strive after higher aims and execution than satisfied the people of a quarter of a century ago, and the result is a restless but thoughtful effort is now being made to raise Canadian art from its past formal and lifeless condition to the plane of vitality.

As one of the chief consequences of this change in both the public patrons and the professional artist, the creation of The Canadian Art Club was inevitable. It came into existence in the necessary course of events. It depends on ten or twelve aggressive spirits who have cut themselves adrift from local prejudices and opinions, and who feel that there is more in art than blind obedience to rules and regulations. These men have recently given their second annual exhibition, and it has been a revelation to the public and a matter of great

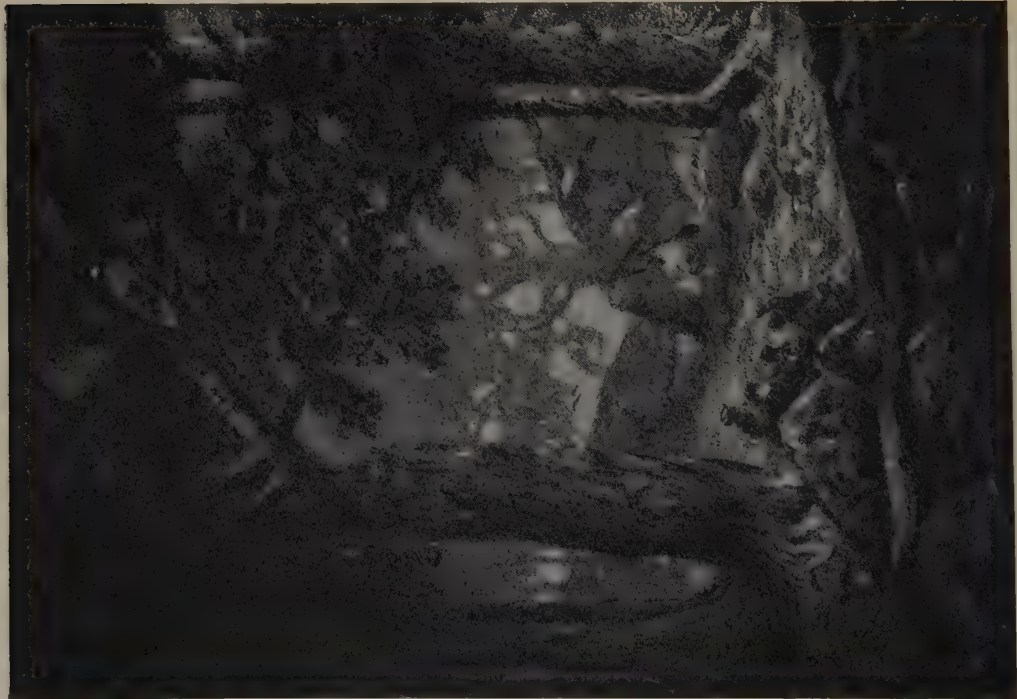
pleasure and pride to Canadian collectors and connoisseurs to see what can be done when the artist is untrammelled and free to do his own bidding. There is no unity of colour or treatment, for each man has struggled to give expression to his individual thought and observation. There is not the slightest evidence of the conventional, and it would be difficult to trace the influence of any



"PLOUGHING—THE FIRST GLEAM"

(Copyright photo by Montross)

BY HORATIO WALKER



"NUT GATHERERS IN THE FOREST"

BY HOMER WATSON



"EVENING, WILLOWS"

BY W. E. ATKINSON



"PROWLING PANTHER" (BRONZE)

BY A. PHIMISTER PROCTOR

school or academic canon in any of the productions. They are spontaneous, vital, personal. Differing widely as they do in colour, technique, and treatment, the pictures appeal to the eye, not as isolated examples of different methods, but as a whole, the underlying connecting bond being vigour and a high degree of individual excellence.

Without going over the numbers in detail, it may be remarked individually that Mr. Curtis Williamson, in his life figure *Vaudeville Girl*, struck a high note in painting. Mr. Homer Watson, whose vigorous landscapes are well known in England and elsewhere, and who is the President of the Club, reached far ahead of anything he had formerly done. His *Nut Gatherers in the Forest* impressed one with the charms of a Rousseau. Differing from the Frenchman widely as it does in technique, it has the same mark of genius, and some day will be thought a fit companion to hang beside the great master. To the



"INDIAN WARRIOR" (BRONZE)

BY A. PHIMISTER PROCTOR



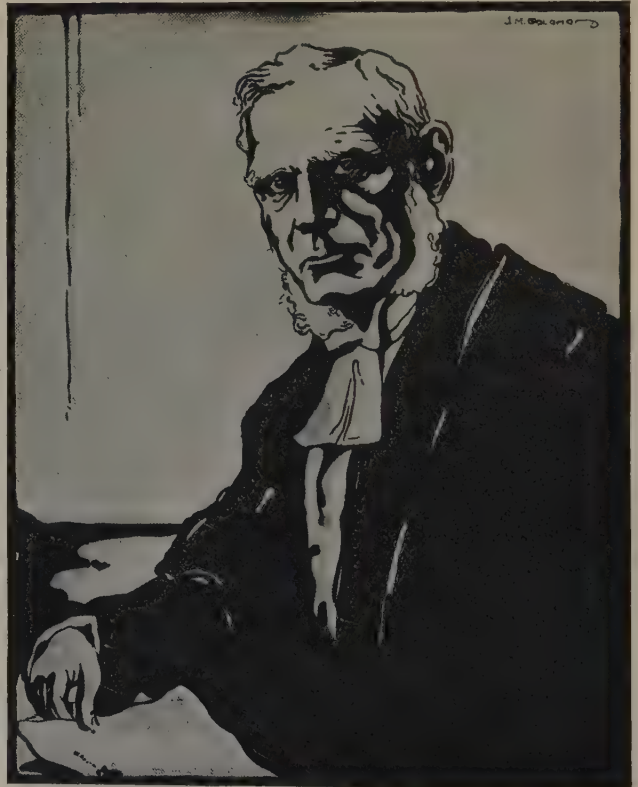
SHIELD IN BEATEN SILVER
DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY DENIS SANTRY

writer, it has finer qualities in the way of colour, tone and sentiment than any like subject heretofore painted in Canada. Mr. Horatio Walker, a native-born Canadian now settled in New York, was represented by a large oil called *Ploughing—The First Gleam*—a wonderfully dramatic picture and a noted example of Mr. Walker's power. It calls to mind some of those psychological renderings of Josef Israels, in which the strong and vital elements of nature and man are subordinated to and dominated by the artist's genius. Mr. J. A. Brown revels in the land of dreams and the poetry of nature. A tender harmony dominates his pictures, *Slumbering Waters* and *A Midsummer Night*. Mr. W. E. Atkinson is another exponent of nature through the eye of sympathy and peace. There is in his *Evening Willows* a feeling of quiet communion, a very sympathetic touch, and a simplicity and breadth of treatment which always influence the aim and expression of this highly appreciated artist.

The work of Mr. J. W. Morrice, formerly of Montreal, but now working in Paris, is marked by all that delicacy of colour-value and exquisite tonality which distinguish the man who feels and paints subjectively. Some landscapes by Mr. E. Morris and some beautiful and skilfully painted winter scenes by Mr. M. Cullen were notable contributions to the exhibition, in which also Mr. Brownell, another excellent painter, was well represented. Mr. Russell, a young Canadian now in Paris, exhibited two or three figure pieces showing remarkable skill in drawing and colour. The bronzes by Mr. A. Phimister Proctor, of New York, also added very much to the interest and value of the exhibition.

There were other meritorious works among the eighty exhibited, but without going over them in detail, it will suffice to say that art has gained much by this aggressive and determined effort on the part of the club to give to the world some original and individual views of its members, and to express themselves as the inner promptings of research and feeling dictate.

E. F. B. JOHNSTON.



THE RT. HON. SIR HENRY DE VILLIERS, K.C.M.G.

BY J. M. SOLOMON



"SLEEPING BASUTO" (BRONZE) BY A. VAN WOUW

CAPE TOWN.—The shield illustrated on page 158 was designed and executed by Mr. Denis Santry of this city as a trophy to be competed for annually by the public schools of a group of districts in Cape Colony. It is of beaten silver, mounted on oiled teak. The floral decoration is based on the most typical flower of South Africa, the Protea, or "Sugar Bush," and the design at the top of the shield is derived from the beautiful old Colonial Dutch architecture, which the late Cecil Rhodes always strove to preserve and encourage. Above the shield is a boss bearing the arms of Cape Colony in enamel. The height of the shield is 42 inches over all. Until he took to craft-work Mr. Santry was an architect.

The portrait of Sir Henry de Villiers, K.C.M.G., President of the South African National Convention, is from a wood engraving executed by Mr. J. M. Solomon, and is one of a series he has been doing of leading members of the Convention, from whom he has received personal sittings, including ex-President Steyn, General Botha, Sir Percy Fitzpatrick, Mr. Merriman, Generals De Wet and De la Rey. Mr. Solomon is an architect by profession.

PRETORIA.—Mr. Antony van Wouw, whose bronze figure of a *Sleeping Basuto* is here illustrated, was born in Holland in 1862, and received his training at the Art Academy, Rotterdam. After

holding a leading position in a well-known Dutch architect's office, he emigrated to the Transvaal in 1890, and, in addition to architectural work, made a speciality of Kaffir busts. In 1895 he became professor of drawing, and in the same year obtained a commission for the monument to President Kruger, which was about to be erected here when the war broke out. This commission occupied him three years, which he spent in Europe. Since the war he has executed several notable works, architectural and otherwise; but latterly he has devoted himself almost exclusively to typically South African bronze statuettes. F. V. ENGELENBURG.

ART SCHOOL NOTES.

LONDON.—The delegates from the London students' sketching clubs who met to choose the subjects for the Gilbert-Garret Competition of the coming autumn are to be congratulated upon their selections. Except in sculpture they cover the widest possible range, and in the figure, animal, landscape and design sections no student will have any right to complain that the chosen subjects are unsuited to his particular scope of treatment. The subjects in these sections are, for figure, *Labour*; landscape, *A Cloudy Day*; design, *A Poster for a Pageant*; and animal, *The End of the Day*. In sculpture the subject *Samson and Delilah* is one with which few competitors can find fault, and it ought to inspire some spirited and picturesque models. The delegates by whom the subjects were chosen included representatives of the Royal Academy, South Kensington (Royal College of Art), Lambeth, Westminster, Calderon Animal School, St. Martins, Gilbert-Garret, Birkbeck, Heatherley's, Grosvenor, S. W. Polytechnic, and Clapham. In addition to these it is probable that many other London students' sketching clubs will take part in this always interesting competition and endeavour to wrest from South Kensington the award of honour gained in 1908. It is a pity that the award of honour—the championship of the sketching clubs—does not carry with it some sort of challenge shield or other tangible memorial that could be held for the year by the victorious school. Long ago, when the competition was in its infancy, one of its originators (Mr. A. W. Mason, of the Birkbeck School) proposed that a silver palette should be provided and held as a trophy by the winners of the award of honour; but this suggestion, unfortunately, was never carried out.

Art School Notes

Madame Louisa Starr Canziani, who died recently in London, was the first woman student of the Royal Academy who succeeded in carrying off the gold medal for historical painting. That was in December, 1867, nearly forty-two years ago, and it is curious that despite the vastly increased opportunities for training that women artists have since enjoyed only one of them, and that one a contemporary of Madame Canziani, has equalled her achievement. The fact that no woman has won the medal since the victory of Miss Jessie Macgregor in 1871 ought to call forth special efforts from the clever girl-students at Burlington House who are now making preliminary studies for the pictures of *Dives and Lazarus* that will be submitted for the competition of December. Madame Canziani, who was of American parentage, was a young girl when she won the gold medal with an illustration of the subject, *David with the Head of Goliath, brought before Saul*, and to her friends she often told the story of the difficulty she experienced in finding a model for Goliath. She found him at last in a local milkman who was blessed with an exceptionally shaggy head, and except for a habit of falling asleep at inopportune moments the milkman served admirably as the impersonator of the giant of Gath.

When Madame Canziani joined the Academy Schools, Miss Herford, who had first gained for women the right of admission, was still a student. The story of the way in which this lady opened the doors of the schools to members of her sex has been frequently but not quite accurately told. The well-known fact that she was admitted on the strength of a drawing signed with initials only, which the Council took to be those of a male competitor, doubtless led to the common acceptance of the theory that accident thus forced the hand of the Academy and obliged that institution, against its will, to admit women students. This, however, is far from the truth. There is, indeed, a strong suspicion that Miss Herford's action was connived at by the authorities, and the following quotation from the Report to the Academicians in 1861 (now probably made public for the first time) proves that the Academy welcomed rather than resisted the admission of women.

Commenting on Miss Herford's success the Report says: "The admission of a female student who had successfully gone through the required probationary studies, being at present an exceptional case, does not appear to call for any remark

beyond a congratulatory recognition of the circumstance." Miss Herford was not long alone, for the Report of the following year announces that the number of women students had been increased to four. The 1863 Report shows that there were ten in that year, and that for the first time "a female student's drawings being satisfactory she was admitted to the painting school to work from the living draped model." The next year showed a further increase of women students, who now numbered thirteen, and this was as many as the Academy schools, then at Trafalgar Square, were able to accommodate. So, although applications for admission were numerous, the doors were shut, and the thirteen pioneers received no reinforcements until the removal to Burlington House two or three years later provided ample room for both male and female students.

Mr. A. S. Cope, A.R.A., will act as Visitor in the School of Drawing at the Royal Academy until the end of the summer term. The Visitor in the School of Painting is Mr. Charles Sims, A.R.A.; in the School of Sculpture, Mr. H. A. Pegram, A.R.A.; and in the School of Architecture, Mr. John Belcher, R.A.

In the John Hassall Poster Competition, held at the New Art School, Logan Place, Earls Court, most of the designs submitted showed a lack of that particular kind of knowledge that can only be obtained by special training. It is not enough for the would-be poster artist to be able to draw and colour, even when these qualities are combined with some feeling for design. Some of the rejected works in the recent competition were well enough drawn, not inharmonious in colour, and occasionally good in idea, but they were the work of students who were unable to concentrate and make the best use of their qualities because they had little or none of the practical knowledge that an accomplished poster designer might impart to them in a few lessons. The ideal poster is attractive alike on the artistic and on the commercial side, striking and harmonious in pattern, and calculated to advertise the particular thing to which it is intended that attention should be drawn. But the student who essays poster designing usually neglects the commercial side—upon which, after all, the whole thing depends—and in his effort to make something strikingly artistic is apt to over-elaborate his design and to lose the simplicity that is one of the first essentials of a picture for the hoardings. Nor can he with-

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out special training appreciate the importance of selecting colours that are not difficult or expensive to reproduce and that will not fade quickly in the sunlight to which the poster will probably be exposed.

More than a hundred designs were submitted to the judges, Mr. Cecil Aldin, Mr. F. W. Gibson and Mr. Charles Holme. They came from all parts of the kingdom, and in subject covered the entire field of advertisement, including even the Suffragette agitation. After a careful examination the first prize was awarded by the judges to a bold and strong design advertising Allsopp's beer. This design, by Mr. S. Bagdatopulos, of Ealing, showed a red-faced seventeenth-century toper, black robed and with mandoline on his arm, leaning back with an expression of intense appreciation of the contents of the tankard he has just drained. The design by Mr. J. W. Lias, of Newton Abbott, which gained the second prize, was clever both in idea and execution. It was for Colman's Mustard, the pungency of which was amusingly suggested by the figure of an old man frying his dinner, by its heat alone, on a tin of mustard. The poster for Skipper Sardines, by Mr. G. A. Boden, of Lincoln, with its wooden pier and black-sailed boats on the high horizon, was in some ways admirable; but the orange-toned sky was unfortunate in colour and out of harmony with the blue sea beneath it. To Mr. Boden was given the third prize; and honourable mentions were gained by Miss G. Hall for a clever design advertising Suchard's Chocolate; by Mr. F. ter Gast for a "Faust" poster; and by Miss B. Severn, Miss W. Roberts, Mr. E. Hastain, and Mr. S. Rogers. At the New Art School, where the poster competition was held, the teaching staff has just been strengthened by the addition of Mr. Richard Jack, the well-known portrait painter. Mr. Jack will take charge of the life classes, where a great advance on the good standard of drawing already achieved is confidently expected.

Last month, at Mr. Faulkner's gallery in Baker Street, the Calderon Art Society held its first exhibition. The Calderon Art Society is composed exclusively of past and present students of the School of Animal Painting, and studies of animal life therefore predominated in the exhibition. Landscapes too were plentiful, and it was interesting to see among them a charming little painting by Sir Ernest Waterlow, R.A., who is a past student in so far that he has worked

with the class several times in the summer open-air sessions, held in the country. The prominent artists who have worked with the class also include Mr. Vereker M. Hamilton, who showed at the exhibition some vigorous, sunny studies of Kensington Gardens, and Miss Mildred Butler, A.R.W.S., who was represented by a characteristic water colour, *Shades of Evening*. Miss Jessie Hall, another past student whose work is frequently seen in London exhibitions, showed a poetic little drawing of sheep in a fold, *One Summer Night*; and Mr. Edwin Noble, R.B.A., was at his best in *The Goat Herd*. Miss Kate A. Smith, a student who has been trained entirely at the School of Animal Painting, exhibited a picture of sleeping dogs, *Tired Out*, that was full of promise; and Miss C. M. Sprott, in her oil study of a horse, *The Half-clipped Bay*, showed an appreciation of tone and a painter-like quality that should lead her to greater achievement later on. Of several landscapes by Miss Grace L. M. Elliott, the best was one of a willow-bordered river; and close to it hung a sympathetic painting of horses in a meadow at twilight, with the moon rising above the horizon, by Mrs. Guillemard. Countess Helena Gleichen in *Thistles* had an interesting painting of a stretch of open country with a rough, weedy foreground; and other noticeable works in colour were by Miss M. H. Congdon White, Miss Agnes M. Goodall, Miss E. Blacklock, Miss Caroline St. C. Graham, Miss M. Gilmore McIlroy, Mr. R. C. Weatherby, Miss M. Hollams, and Mr. Frank Stonelake. A special word of praise is due to the clever sketch portraits by Mrs. H. B. Weiner. Miss Olive Branson, Miss M. E. Hamilton, Mr. Cecil Beeching, and Miss Kate A. Smith showed commendable drawings in black-and-white, and Miss Mary A. Swan an ably modelled bronze of a greyhound. The President of the Society, Mr. W. Frank Calderon, contributed to the exhibition some admirable studies of animals, both modelled and painted, as well as his picture, *How Four Queens Found Sir Lancelot Sleeping*.
W. T. W.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

Hampshire. Painted by Wilfrid Ball, R.E., described by Rev. Telford Varley, M.A. (London: A. & C. Black.), 20s. net.—Hampshire is a county so full of interest, whether in respect to its historical connections or the great variety and beauty of its landscape, as to make it a subject equally attractive to the scholar and the artist. Both the literary and

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artistic contributions to this recent addition to the well-known series of colour books issued by Messrs. Black deserve the highest encomium. Mr. Ball's work is individualistic, yet always delightful in its simplicity and modesty. The charm of an old English village, with its thatched or red-tiled cottages and its ancient church, is by no artist more happily expressed than by this painter. Nowhere in England are there more subjects worthy of his pencil than in Hampshire, and it is needless to say that he has taken as full an advantage as the natural limitations of a single volume permitted him in presenting a worthy record of a delightful theme.

Fantin-Latour, sa vie et ses amitiés. Lettres inédites et souvenirs personnels par Adolphe Jullien. (Paris: Lucien Laveur.) 25 frs.—M. Adolphe Jullien, one of the leading Paris critics, who has done much for the fame of Wagner and Berlioz, was, during thirty years, the intimate friend of Fantin-Latour, with whom he also corresponded a good deal. He has now brought together, in a charmingly illustrated volume, all his reminiscences of the great painter. Never have we been able to enter so deeply into the art of this fascinating artist, one of the greatest and truest of the French school of the nineteenth century. It is most interesting to find in M. Jullien's book, Fantin's views on art, and not only on *his* art, but also on music and literature, and to realise how exquisite the friendship of the master was.

Pewter Marks and Old Pewter Ware. By CHRISTOPHER A. MARKHAM, F.S.A. (London: Reeves & Turner.) 21s.—Mr. Markham, who is well known as the author of various books on plate and as editor of Chaffers' "Hall Marks," has bestowed an enormous amount of trouble in getting together a mass of information which all collectors of old pewter will find of utmost value. While disclaiming any intention of going deeply into the history and other aspects of pewter work, which have been fully dealt with by other writers, he gives in the preliminary sections a brief historical survey of the craft, followed by descriptive accounts of domestic and ecclesiastical pewter, together with some useful notes on the manufacture, composition, cleaning and repairing of pewter. But from the collector's point of view, the value of the book centres in the concluding four sections occupying more than half the volume, for these contain important lists which should be of material service to him in making selections. First there is a list of freemen of the Pewterers' Company; then a list of touch plates at Pewterers'

Hall, with transcripts of 200 of the touches and descriptions of the remainder (about 1168 in all), and finally an index of members of the Company from 1450 to the present time.

French Châteaux and Gardens in the XVth Century. A series of reproductions of contemporary drawings, hitherto unpublished, by Jacques Androuet du Cerceau. Selected and described by W. H. WARD, M.A., A.R.I.B.A. (London: Batsford), 25s. net.—By what must be regarded as a stroke of good fortune, Mr. Ward discovered at the British Museum a collection of drawings by J. A. du Cerceau, one of the leading French architects of the 16th Century. The drawings turned out on investigation to be mainly the originals for the plates published by du Cerceau in his work "Les plus excellents Bastiments de France," now exceedingly rare and, of course, costly, but closer comparison showed them to be much finer and fuller of detail than these plates. They came to the British Museum with the library of George III., who, it is thought, purchased them from some *émigré*, possibly one of the descendants of du Cerceau, at the time of the Revolution. Students of architecture will be grateful to Mr. Ward and his publisher for putting these drawings within their reach in the shape of beautifully clear collotype and other reproductions. Besides being an architect and designer, du Cerceau was an etcher and engraver, a fact which probably accounts for his remarkably skilful draughtsmanship. He illustrated numerous works on ancient and modern architecture, besides engraving a multitude of designs for decoration, furniture of every kind, plate, jewelry, etc. The drawings reproduced in Mr. Ward's folio volume represent a selection from those at the Museum, and give a fairly complete picture of architectural evolution in France during the 16th Century; they illustrate not only the work of du Cerceau himself, but that of such architects as Philibert de l'Orme, Pierre Lescot, Jean Goujon, Jean Bullant, besides many others, and the buildings shown include many of great historic interest (though not in all cases of supreme architectural value), such as the châteaux of Chambord, St. Germain-en-Laye, Fontainebleau, Ecouen, St. Maur-les-Fossés, Ancy-le-Franc, Anet, the Palaces of the Louvre and the Tuileries. Du Cerceau's own work is represented principally by drawings of the château of Verneuil-sur-Oise and some "ideal" châteaux, which, notwithstanding certain bizarre elements, fully establish his position as one of the great architects of the sixteenth century.

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A brief account of him and his family precedes the plates, and these are accompanied by an epitome of the history of each building.

A Spanish Holiday. By CHARLES MARRIOTT. (London: Methuen & Co.) 7s. 6d. net.—Mr. Marriott does not pretend to have written a book that tells us much about Spain, but gives us the simple record of a simple holiday that he made in that country, accompanied only by his waggish travelling companion James. They started, at the suggestion of the latter, to go to Genoa, but finding, after missing the steamer that was to take them there, that the name Bilbao held a magic attraction for them of which they had been hitherto unaware, they determined to make this their destination. From this place they rambled through the Basque provinces, through Castile, seeing Vitoria, Burgos, Madrid, Toledo, and so back to Bilbao again, the book forming practically a diary of the trip. The author has a pleasant discursive style, and his comments upon the things he saw, the places he visited and the people he met are often amusing and almost invariably interesting. With the several charming wash drawings by Mr. A. M. Foweraker and the excellent photographs by the author, it forms an interesting record of a pleasant holiday.

The Decoration and Furniture of English Mansions during the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries. By FRANCIS LENYON. (London: T. Werner Laurie.) 31s. 6d. net.—With few exceptions, as the author explains in his introductory note, the examples of decorative work and furniture selected for illustrating this volume are derived from a collection at 31 Old Burlington Street, an early Georgian town mansion which has undergone only very slight alteration since it was built by Lord Hervey in 1720. The illustrations, which number close on 300 and are for the most part mounted on grey paper, convey a good idea of the sumptuous appointments of a nobleman's town residence of the period covered by the volume. Many of them show complete apartments, but the majority consist of individual articles which exemplify the exquisite workmanship of the old master-craftsmen and their respective schools; William Kent, the brothers Adam and their schools, with that of Grinling Gibbons, being especially well represented. Embracing as the illustrations do every imaginable class of domestic decoration and furniture, including tapestries, velvets, damasks, carpets, gesso-work, wood paneling, chimney-pieces, plaster ornamentation, sconces, lanterns and chandeliers, they should prove of great value to the designer and craftsman of

to-day. A useful feature of the volume is the list of books on furniture and decoration published before 1800.

Memoirs of Monsieur Claude. Translated by KATHARINE PRESCOTT WORMELEY. (London: Archibald Constable & Co.) 12s. 6d. net.—At the time of the first publication of these memoirs in 1881, a writer reviewing the work in the *Spectator* said that there was no reason to doubt the accuracy and veracity of the author. In the present volume, which is an abridgment of five out of the ten original volumes, we have an extremely interesting and valuable inner history of the strange and exciting happenings in France during the reign of Louis-Philippe and up to the overthrow of the Second Empire and the establishment of the Republic. Monsieur Claude was Chief of Police under Napoleon III., and his memoirs shed an interesting side-light upon the characters and lives of the important personages with whom he came in touch, of some of whom there are photographs included in the volume.

MESSRS. CASSELL'S annual publication *Royal Academy Pictures and Sculptures* is this year published in one volume at 3s. net in paper wrapper and 5s. net in cloth. The reproductions, which are excellent, and number over 200, comprise practically all the principal pictures included in this year's exhibition, besides a representative selection from the sculpture.

Mr. Edmund H. New has recently completed a pen-drawing of *The King's Hall and College of Brasenose, Oxford*, forming the second of a series suggested by the bird's-eye views of David Loggan in his "Oxonia Illustrata" of 1675, and an excellent photogravure reproduction of the drawing by Emery Walker, is offered to the public. The drawing, which is a fine example of Mr. New's skilful and accurate draughtsmanship, and has been approved by the authorities of the College, shows the group of buildings with the three quadrangles and the new front in High Street (not yet completed). Decorative effect is given to the drawing by appropriate heraldic features.

Mr. FREDERICK HOLLYER has added to his numerous list of permanent reproductions of works by notable artists, half-a-dozen of Mr. A. D. Peppercorn's landscapes. Owing to the peculiar difficulties of effectively reproducing these landscapes, he has employed a special method (to which he gives the name "Ombrotype"), enabling him to achieve a more successful rendering of their depth and range of tone than is possible by ordinary monotint processes.

The Lay Figure

THE LAY FIGURE: ON THE COLLECTOR'S HOBBY.

"I WANT very much to arrive at the right distinction between the art lover and the collector," said the Man with the Red Tie. "If it is true that few art lovers are to be found among collectors, what is the motive that induces the collector to spend his money so frequently on art objects?"

"You must not talk as if all collectors had the same motive, or as if all collectors were of the same type," laughed the Art Critic. "There are many varieties of the acquisitive instinct; nearly everyone gives way to it in one form or another, and goes to some expense to satisfy it. But the particular direction in which it is manifested depends upon individual preferences, and these are largely a matter of temperament."

"I do not quite understand you," returned the Man with the Red Tie. "If the manifestation of the acquisitive instinct is the reflection of a temperament, then the collector of works of art must be a man with artistic instincts and inclinations—an art lover, in fact."

"By no means," replied the Critic; "a man may collect works of art because he sees a chance of selling them again at a profit, or because he thinks that a gallery will add to his social distinction, or because he likes to pose as a patron of the arts and as a person of taste. He may be absolutely indifferent to art of all kinds and yet be a persistent collector."

"Surely that is absurd," broke in the Plain Man; "it is not conceivable that anyone would buy art work if he cared nothing at all about it, unless, of course, he were a dealer and meant to sell it again."

"Not so absurd as you think," said the Critic. "There are scores of collectors who have no artistic tastes or inclinations whatever, and you may know them by their habit of competing among themselves merely for the things which happen to be in fashion, and by their total disregard of all art that has not become popular. They care nothing, and what is more, in many cases know nothing about the merit of what they buy, all they ask is that the stuff they pay for should be fashionable."

"Does the art lover never follow the fashion?" asked the Plain Man.

"Only by accident; never of set purpose," answered the Critic. "The art lover is a worshipper of beauty and of fine achievement. It is

a matter of indifference to him whether the things he admires are popular or not, and he is always ready and willing to recognise merit wherever he may find it."

"But can he free himself from the influence of the moment?" inquired the Plain Man. "I mean, can he preserve his independence of mind and keep his taste from being affected by the general trend of public opinion?"

"Of course he can," interrupted the Man with the Red Tie. "He would not be a lover of art if he was not indifferent to popular clamour and if he did not set the promptings of his own temperament far above the silly suggestions of fashion."

"Quite so; and it is in this that he shows how markedly he differs from the typical collector," said the critic. "The collector whom I call typical—the man who, as I say, buys art work though he cares nothing about art—is possessed by a hobby. The idea that dominates him is that he must acquire rarities, things with a history, or curiosities that are accidentally interesting. If he satisfies his hobby by collecting pictures, he wants canvases that have gone through strange adventures or that have gained a fictitious importance by having been at some time in the possession of a famous personage. If he buys china it must be of a particular period or stamped with a special mark; and if he collects prints they must be unusual states or imperfect impressions which can be proved to be unique. The pictures may poorly represent the painters responsible for them, the china may be inartistic or in the worst possible taste, the imperfect print may be not nearly so good as the more numerous later impressions from the plate, but the collector does not trouble himself about such unnecessary artistic considerations—he has satisfied his hobby and he has triumphed in a struggle with some other collector as deluded as himself, so he feels he has not lived in vain. But I do not think he has proved himself to be the possessor of a properly balanced mind or of anything but a foolish spirit of acquisitiveness."

"I see what you mean," commented the Plain Man. "The collector's hobby is a mild form of insanity to which he cannot help giving way. The fact that he collects works of art is either accidental or a mere concession to fashion."

"Just so," replied the Critic. "The collecting of the ends of cigars smoked by famous men would give him quite as much pleasure."

THE LAY FIGURE.

Carnegie Institute Exhibition

THE THIRTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION AT THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE
BY LEILA MECHLIN

EVEN more memorable than commonly was the exhibition of paintings which has just been held at the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, partly on account of the high standard maintained, but largely because of the interesting character of the exhibits. A few less than three hundred pictures were shown, representing current output not only in the United States, but in Great Britain and the countries of Europe. There was enough and not too much—a feast ample and at the same time sufficiently choice to arouse the enthusiasm of the jaded "picture taster" at the end of a long, full season. And, furthermore, the exhibits were delightfully set forth with abundant space and excellent lighting.

It is at the Carnegie Institute only, in this country, it will be remembered, that the work of American artists is brought into competition with that of foreign painters, and it was good to find this year that not only the native painters but their competitors were well represented. For, after all, there is no credit in winning an ill-matched race, and effort is chiefly stimulated by good example. And what is more, the American paintings, considered collectively, were found to give unusual

token of progress, showing in addition to accomplished brushwork increased individuality and fresh inspiration. An exhibition at this time of year might well be expected to serve up the season's fruit, but instead of presenting a mere résumé, this Pittsburgh show seemed, as it were, to have opened a new chapter. To be sure, some well-remembered pictures, such as Abbott H. Thayer's *Stevenson Memorial* and George de Forest Brush's *Family Group*, were included in its catalogue, but a large proportion of the paintings set forth were recent productions which had not yet made the rounds of the exhibition cities.

As I have said, all the Western nations were represented, but Great Britain was particularly to the fore, a group of twenty-five landscapes by Alfred



Carnegie Medal of the Second Class (Silver), 1909

THE BRIDAL MORNING

BY GEORGE SAUTER

Carnegie Institute Exhibition

East, President of the Royal Society of British Artists and member of the international jury, having been made a special feature of the exhibition, and four of the seven awards going to British painters. Whether the latter was through courtesy or conviction it is hard to say, for though the intrinsic merit of the works thus signalled out for honor could not be denied, their preeminence was by no means marked. But the processes of prize giving are so complicated that they are not to be readily fathomed, and so long as the system exists it will continue to cause perplexity. For example, though all pains are taken to indicate which pictures were not entered in competition, the majority of persons visiting an exhibition fail thus to discriminate and unreasoningly accept the decision of the jury as judgment on the mass—a certain picture has received a first award and is thereby authoritatively stamped as the best. Rarely, indeed, does it happen, as in the Carnegie Institute's recent exhibition, that no injustice is wrought when currency is given to such a belief. The *Girl Crocheting*, by Edmund C. Tarbell, to which the medal of the first class, carrying with it a prize of \$1,500, was given, was, undoubtedly, the best in this show, as well as one of the best produced in modern times, and those who would again complain of Mr. Tarbell's prize-winning proclivities must seek some fresh arguments in their own defense. The second award, to a picture entitled *The Bridal Morning*, by George Sauter, of England, was less logical and has caused more dissent. Poor in composition, unattractive in theme, and devoid of the excuse of beauty, it could boast no claim to distinction save that of clever technique, the solution of a moderately intricate problem presented by the emplacement of dark figures against a screen of light. The medal of the third class went to Bruce Crane for a typical American landscape, a broad view of bare hillsides in November, which had been previously shown in the Corcoran Gallery's exhibition of contemporary American paintings, where, curiously enough, for it is a strong interpretation full of real significance, it had attracted little attention. Four honorable mentions were given, the first to Elizabeth Sparhawk-Jones, of Philadelphia, for a clever, spirited little picture, entitled *In Rittenhouse Square*, showing nursemaids and children having an urban airing on a winter day; the second to Stanhope A. Forbes of England, for a large, virile but rather illustrative painting depicting a group of men in a coppersmith's shop, *The Village Industry*; the third to Arnesby Brown, of St. Ives, Cornwall, for a painting of cows in sunlight, *The*

Gate, excellent in many respects but at some crucial points halting, and the fourth to E. A. Hornel, of Scotland, for a characteristic picture of children in a flowery meadow, lovely in color and individual in style, suggesting in a measure less a painting than a mosaic in mother-of-pearl. The jury which made these awards was composed almost exclusively of landscape painters, which, though a matter of no great significance, is worth noting in view of the fact that five of the seven awards went to figure paintings.

It was so arranged that the works by Alfred East served, as did those of Winslow Homer a year ago, as an introduction to the exhibition, being allotted the first gallery of the main series. This naturally focused the interest on landscape painting and suggested directly a comparison between the English and American style of production, especially as in an adjacent gallery an entire panel was devoted to a group of seventeen paintings by Henry W. Ranger, of New York. Mr. East's exhibit is to be treated separately and at some length in a later issue of this magazine, so it will suffice now to say that as a result of this comparison it was plainly manifested that the difference between the English work and our own was not of viewpoint, nor even technique, but rather of subject matter and tradition. Mr. East's paintings were more pictorial in intent than Mr. Ranger's, but they were no more cleverly rendered nor truly interpretative. Mr. Ranger, more than the majority of American landscape painters, keeps in mind the public's point of view, and his pictures are decorative as color harmonies aside from their subjective interest. Doubtless he is versatile, but it must be confessed that his works showed to better advantage viewed separately than in the group—that *en masse* they lacked accent, a fault, if such it be construed, which may, not illogically, be reckoned a virtue.

Of recent years there has been a tendency on the part of some of the American landscape painters to adopt certain formulas and to produce work chiefly of a single kind, partly, perhaps, through a habit of sight, and partly to satisfy a pronounced demand. Leonard Ochtman was one of these, and it had become natural to expect from him only winter landscapes in which a violet tint was dominant. In the Carnegie exhibition, however, he was represented by two landscapes in an utterly different vein, *A Day in Spring* and *In Connecticut*, both fresh in color and gentle in sentiment. J. Francis Murphy also sent a notable landscape, a characteristic autumn scene, as did William S. Robinson, Emil Carlsen and Childe Hassam—

Carnegie Institute Exhibition

works which would have well merited inclusion in permanent collections. And in addition to these Edward W. Redfield, Walter Elmer Schofield, Charles Morris Young, Chauncey F. Ryder, Granville Smith, Alexander van Laer, Ben Foster, Birge Harrison, W. L. Lathrop, J. Alden Weir, Albert Groll and Ernest Lawson were admirably represented.

The foreign painters were less notable in this field, excepting, of course, Alfred East. There were two attractive English landscapes by John Muirhead, a tremendously impressive transcription of a bit of outlying country near Paris by René Billotte, and an engaging study of a lily pond by Monet, but none others of great importance, unless one includes Camille Pissaro's *Bridge, St. Sever, Rouen*, Le Sidaner's *St. Paul's, London* and James Kay's *Highway of the Nations*, which, of course, were outdoor pictures but not landscapes at all. D. Y. Cameron, the great French etcher, sent a painting *The Clyde*, which, while subtly rendered, was ineffective and disappointing; Max Clarenbach, who can usually be depended upon for good work, was but poorly represented by a small canvas, *Winter Morning*, and even Ludwig Dill's two contributions were not remarkable.

There were comparatively few portraits in this exhibition, but those which were set forth were peculiarly interesting, being illustrative of various contradictory modes of expression, each in its way authoritative. In the first main gallery were to be seen Gari Melchers' full-length portrait of ex-President Roosevelt in riding costume, a somewhat

dry but forceful statement; Cecelia Beaux's portrait of a *Mother and Son*, in which rude strength was beautifully reconciled with refinement; John W. Alexander's portrait of Miss Helen Beatty, painted in broad, flat tints which, while allowing emphasis to rest upon the rhythm of line, interpreted with charming reserve a distinct personality; William M. Chase's toneful portrait of *Mrs. C.*, not new, but of enduring merit, and, facing one another on opposite walls, Sorolla's portrait of a lady in a garden, wearing a white gown and black silk coat, in which unrestrained originality was seen to have degenerated into flippant eccentricity, and Mancini's portrait of Mr. Messenger, wherein the conventional was made so insistent that even artful rendering could not condone, as well, if I am not mistaken, as Harrington Mann's group portrait of Mrs. Curtis Willock and her children, frank and sympathetic but not altogether successful in regard to composition. In the adjacent gallery were found, of special note, Irving R.



Carnegie Medal of the Third Class (Bronze), 1900

NOVEMBER HILLS

BY BRUCE CRANE

Carnegie Institute Exhibition

Wiles's richly colorful and finely rendered portrait of Mrs. A. W. Drake, Thomas Anschutz's figure study, *The Tanagra*, both scholarly and reticent in handling, and E. A. Walton's peculiarly skilful and engaging unfinished portrait of G. W. Cruikshank, Esq., while here and there in the smaller galleries were to be remarked Ellen G. Emmet's portrait of Dr. Walter James, Louis Betts's portrait of a little lad, *William V., Jr.*, and E. L. Blumenschein's humorous likeness of a *German Tragedian*. That neither Sargent nor Shannon were represented nor conspicuous by their absence is, perhaps, worthy of note.

The figure paintings were more numerous and to even a greater extent indicative of national tendencies. In Cottet's forcefully painted picture of a group of fisherfolk gathered around the corpse of a man who had been drowned, *Sadness by the Sea*, there was both a dramatic and a gruesome element; in Menard's *Judgment of Paris*, reproduced in the May number of THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO, the note of classicism predominated, and in Henri Martin's huge canvas, *Bucolique*, a fevered imagination seemed to have found rather meaningless play. The Dutch painters, Neuhuys, Blommers, Pieters and de Zwart, were more normal in their transcriptions, and if found still harping on the same string, harping with unaltered sweetness and conviction. Señor Sorolla y Bastida sent a small canvas besides the portrait previously referred to—a Spanish beach scene, which in itself conserved all those attributes which have given this painter's work surpassing distinction. It was a gem of its kind, audacious in color, terse in treatment, charming in effect, fairly dazzling with light and splendidly indicative of motion. Villegas, a Spanish painter of yet another school, contributed a study of *Wandering Gipsies* which, while not perhaps to be spoken of in the same breath, was by no means unworthy. Clever and direct was a study of two nude figures by Henry Scott Tuke.

It was interesting to note in this exhibition how well nigh universal is the absorbing desire to transcribe the effects of sunlight and how varied are the methods to this end purused. Among those who interpreted it in terms of luminosity, rather than as a question of color, was Lillian M. Genth, to whose chaste and lovely nudes seen sporting in leafy, sun-dabbled bowers, too much praise can hardly be given. Fresh, impressionistic and at the same time very reticent, was Childe Hassam's *Spring Morning*, a study of a young woman standing by an open window, painted in a high key with exquisitely adjusted values. Less spontaneous but

even more toneful were Charles W. Hawthorne's sympathetic transcription of a *Mother and Child* and H. O. Tanner's no less appealing *Hiding of Moses*, which were hung as pendants, and so far as spirit went were undoubtedly in accord. T. W. Dewing, Robert Reid, F. W. Benson and Joseph De Camp were not represented, but Edmund C. Tarbell sent not only the *Girl Crocheting* and a portrait, but *Girls Reading*, which for some reason did not compete for honors, and Gari Melchers contributed in addition to his portrait of Mr. Roosevelt, a genre, *The Morning Room*, which, likewise, gave an engaging interpretation of representative home life. But for the fact that the design of the flowered wall paper in Mr. Melcher's picture was a little overinsistent, indicating, perhaps, a lack of atmosphere, it would be difficult to understand how it could have failed to receive an award.

But there were still other paintings in the Carnegie exhibition which recur to memory with agreeable insistence and of which space will now permit but brief mention—such, for example, as Philip László's portrait of Alfred East, La Touche's church interior showing sunlight filtered through a gorgeous stained-glass window; Zügel's group of cows, *The Village Pond*, and Lucien Simon's rather strange transcription of a *Procession During a Thunder Storm*, abrupt in manner but dramatic in effect. The Russian, Serge Jastreboff, was represented by a portrait group of a Spanish peasant family painted in a high key with a certain fierce strength, which seemed almost paradoxical, impressionism being regarded rather as the poet's badge than the tragedian's cloak. In the same vivid outdoor light in which Sorolla's subjects bask were three studies by Jean McLean Johansen, of Chicago, less authoritative, yet full of promise, and not utterly dissimilar were two works by John C. Johansen, of the same city. There was a large representation from Americans residing in Paris—clever work, but for the most part illustrative of the inclination of our countrymen to lose their national individualism in the French ateliers. For this ailment probably the best cure is the exhibition of choice foreign works in our own land, as it is the environment and not the example which proves subversive. The Carnegie Institute has already done much toward establishing reciprocal relations between American and foreign painters from which only beneficent results can accrue, and it is earnestly to be hoped that other institutions will in the near future follow its example and encourage a freer interchange of works. American art will not suffer by comparison nor lose through competition.

Pennsylvania Academy

THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS BY J. NILSEN LAURVIK

THE one hundred and fourth annual exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy was notable for its high average of excellence. With the sole exception, perhaps, of the portrait of Miss Townsend, by Sargent, which occupied the place of honor in the main hall, and two or three large salon pictures, which astonished by their size rather than by their quality, there was nothing very startling in the exhibition. This is explained by what I have already said—the high general average maintained throughout.

Wherever one turned one found something worth while and very little that was wholly mediocre or uninteresting, which no doubt accounts for the very genuine popular interest shown in these exhibitions that have come to be the most widely attended of any art exhibition in this country. One observed an unusual number of new names and names of comparatively young men who are winning their first artistic spurs here. Thus the Pennsylvania Academy is affording that encouragement to the young painters and sculptors which American art so badly needs. And herein lies the chief value of its exhibitions, for only the artistic gourmand can possibly find any real enjoyment in these large, conglomerate table de hôte collections of pictures.

As a means of comparison, both to the public and the artists themselves, and as affording an opportunity of estimating the artistic output of the country, these annual exhibitions serve a purpose not unlike that of the county fair, where one comes to admire, not to enjoy, and where the final impression is of the clever trapeze performer rather than of the fine Jersey or the strutting bantam cock. So, too, in an art exhibition, the fine, subtle things that more often are the living, lasting things are lost amid the clash and clatter of the boisterous, swashbuckling things.

This quality, together with something more enduring, however, made the Sargent portrait, referred to above, the most instantly compelling portrait, or figure piece, in the exhibition. By its vivacious, impeccable technique it dominated everything around it and there can be little or no quarreling with the Carol H. Beck gold medal being awarded to him for this canvas, which, by the way, is the first picture to be so honored, as this prize was founded only last year by James M. Beck, Esq. This painting confirms anew my impression that Sargent is the most



Walter Lippincott Prize, 1909

THE TANAGRA

BY THOMAS P. ANSCHUTZ

animated painter of still life living to-day, and that all the talk about his marvelous powers of psychology is merely a misinterpretation of his unerring gift of observing and recording the outward semblance of life that gives to all his best work that striking sense of verisimilitude which betrays the average person into profound disquisitions on psychology.

Sargent and Sorolla—they are the two great conjurers in the world of art to-day, but the elusive and intimate spirit of life finds its interpreters elsewhere—in a Hokusai, in a Velasquez or a Whistler. One became conscious of something of this sort in the

Pennsylvania Academy



THE LOCK

BY W. ELMER SCHOFIELD

wistful *Mother and Child* of Charles W. Hawthorne, who has emerged from his Sturm und Drang period with a chastened touch, as of one who has seen somewhat of the mystery and ineffable beauty of life. There is a wooing, persuasive quality in this work that is much like fine music. In its simplicity and dignity, as well as in its profound, almost sad wistfulness of expression, the figure of this *Mother and Child* impressed me much as does the majestic solemnity of Handel's Largo. Kindred in spirit and very like in its design, though differing a good deal in treatment, is the *Mother and Child*, by George de Forest Brush, now owned by the Corcoran Gallery in Washington. There is the same wistfulness of expression in the face of this mother as in that of Hawthorne's picture, and the same brooding look of maternity in the eyes. Perhaps one should reverse the order of this comparison, as the painting by Brush antedates the one by Hawthorne, who may or may not have been influenced thereby. Certainly, the two are very like in composition and general arrangement, but each is seen from the personal point of view of its creator, and that is the vital and important thing in any consideration of art. Both of these men have sojourned in Italy, where they have sought inspiration and confirmation of their artistic creeds in the works of the old masters, and both show the influence of this quest in a finer and more restrained sense of color, together with greater poise and depth of feeling.

Our great master of genre painting, Edmund C.

Tarbell, was again represented by one of his fine canvases, called *Josephine and Mercie*, showing two young women seated, one at a desk writing and the other near the window reading. In its perfect rendering of the values and in its unobtrusive presentation of the various objects in the room, such as the desk, the lamp and cut-glass bottle on the table, as well as the pictures and prints on the walls, it was highly suggestive of a fine photograph by Clarence H. White. The robust, matter-of-fact side of life was well presented in the *Maternity* by Gari Melchers, whose mother suckling her child furnished an excellent example of vig-

orous, masculine painting that takes no less delight in the paint and the labor of painting than in the subject itself, which is usually some fresh, buxom peasant woman, intent on controverting the Rooseveltian race suicide theory. Few do this better than Melchers, but when he comes to interpreting the widely quoted expounder of this theory in his portrait of Mr. Roosevelt he seems to fall far short of endowing with vitality the personality of this man in the same degree that he vitalizes on canvas his presentations of peasant types. Can it be that Mr. Melchers is less daunted by motherhood than by the vociferous champion of motherhood, or is it simply a question of indifference? Whatever it may be, a more wooden manikin of a man has seldom been offered as a portrait by an able painter than this poorly painted likeness of Mr. Roosevelt. I understand that Mr. Melchers feels somewhat the same about it, that he is much dissatisfied with it, and that he finally gave up in despair getting anything worth while out of the kaleidoscopic sittings granted him. But why exhibit it? One feels somewhat the same about the portrait of William Fisher Lewis, governor of the State in Schuylkill, by Julian Story, which is as photographically real as the portrait of Mr. Roosevelt is awkwardly unreal. The other two portraits contributed by Mr. Story were somewhat better, though obviously of the conventional society brand of portraiture. In strong contrast to these were the three portraits by Miss Beaux, of which the portrait of

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Miss Agnes Irwin, dean of Radcliffe, was perhaps the best. This was a vigorous, well-painted characterization that conveyed strongly the personality of the sitter. In a class with this was the fine seated portrait of *Father and Son*, by Lydia Field Emmett, which was instinct with sincerity and good taste. Offering the most positive contrast to this was the *Portrait*, by Philip L. Hale, which is one of the most hauntingly disagreeable things I have seen for a long time. It has all the supercilious cynicism of his writings, combined with a superficiality of technique that gives to the whole performance the captivating air of a clever, grimacing boy in a drawing-room. Besides this he showed *A Conversation Piece*, which talks for itself and, obviously, needs no further comment, and *The Crimson Rambler*, showing a young woman in white seated on a porch partly covered with Crimson Ramblers, which was bought by the Pennsylvania Academy for its permanent collection. Robert Henri contributed a portrait entitled *Girl in Furs*, showing a young woman with brilliant auburn hair, vivid Henri eyes and lips and the back of her head flat against the dark wall that serves as a background—the whole breathless, devoid of atmosphere as though it were a vacuum. His seascape called *Rocks and Sea*, though very painty, had at least a feeling of reality, of out of doors, of life and movement. J. Alden Weir was represented by a canvas called *The Blue Gown*, painted in his well-known manner; Howard Gardiner Cushing showed a *Woman in a Silver Dress*, very luminous in color and simple in its arrangement; Hugh H. Breckenridge was somewhat less vivaciously vivacious in color than usual in his painting called *In the Studio*, showing a lady with a child cuddled up to her on a divan, and William M. Paxton this year called your attention to *The String of Pearls* rather than to the pearl of great price shown in his much-talked-of canvas of last year, which is a difference of quantity rather than quality. This was true, also, of the canvas by Thomas P. Anschutz called *The Tanagra*, showing a young woman standing beside a pedestal,

on which rests a small tanagra figure. In its supple technique and in its fine rendering of the various textures represented this was one of the most satisfactory canvases in the exhibition and called attention to the able craftsmanship of its author. The *Portrait of Mrs. S.*, by Richard Blossom Farley, showing a thoughtful woman seated on a sofa in an attitude of deep meditation, impressed one by its careful workmanship and rather rich, decorative sense of color. The canvas by Jos. T. Pearson, Jr., entitled *Other Days and Other Ways*, showing a quaintly dressed young woman, also seated on a sofa, whose whole attitude is one of alert interest in the actions of a parrot perched on top of his cage, was one of the most striking contributions by the younger men. It is painted with a knowledge, a joy and surety of touch that will make him positively dangerous if he keeps up that pace. Lillian M. Genth, who has struck a note personal, charmingly vivacious and full of color, was represented by a breezy presentation of a nude young thing perched upon the limb of a tree, flecked by sunlight and fanned by the winds, which she calls *Pastoral*. Carl Marr had the distinction of showing one of the largest canvases in the exhibition, called *Golden Hours*, which showed a girl pensively seated in a boat, which glowed with a ruddiness as though she might be using glow worms for bait. The only other canvas to compete with this



Purchased by Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts (Temple Fund), 1909

THE CRIMSON RAMBLER

BY PHILIP L. HALE

Pennsylvania Academy



Purchased by Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts (Temple Fund), 1909

NORTH RIVER

BY GEORGE BELLOWES

in size was the biblical subject by H. O. Tanner, entitled *Behold the Bridegroom Cometh*, which was much superior to Carl Marrs in quality, though not comparable with Tanner at his best. William M. Chase was represented by several canvases of his usual standard of facility; George Bellows, the infant terrible of painting, showed two striking bits of New York, one called *North River*, the other *Beach at Coney*, which again reveal him as a young man with a keen and humorous eye.

Among the landscape painters Edward W. Redfield carries off the palm for a realistic rendering of nature. In his canvas called *Hill and Valley*, the scrubby, prosaic Delaware Valley country is presented with all his usual fine appreciation of its pictorial possibilities. In its pattern of laurel against the snow and sky it suggests the strong, decorative treatment of the best Japanese prints, which no doubt will both surprise and amuse Mr. Redfield, who is as far from the hyperestheticism of the Orientals as any man painting in this country. Albert Groll, in his painting called *The Passing Shower in Arizona*, presents the inevitable thing, or at least so it seems from its constant repetition year after year; he contributes nothing new, either in treatment or in point of view. In *The Barnstable Marshes* Arthur Hoeber shows nature in one of her rather solemn, quiet moods with considerable success, while Frank Vincent Dumond presents the more lively aspect of things in his *Halcyon Days*. A new name in our exhibitions is that of D. Putnam

Brinley, whose work is distinguished by a fine sense of color and arrangement. He was represented by three landscapes, all impressionistic in treatment. Jonas Lie was seen again here, after an absence of a year, with two canvases, of which *The Heart of the Woods* was one of the most impressive landscapes in the show. Charles H. Woodbury showed one of his boldly painted marines called *Ocean*, and Paul Dougherty was represented by his ably painted *White Tide*. Childe Hassam surprised his admirers this year with his canvas called *The Golden Afternoon*, which was so utterly different from his usual contributions that one did not recog-

nize him in it except on close inspection. This was not true of Metcalf, whose *Twin Birches* proclaimed its authorship at sight. It is one of his best and was purchased by the Academy for its permanent collection, making an addition of great value to its already important group of American pictures.

The section devoted to sculpture comprised one hundred and eighty exhibits, of which the plaques by Victor D. Brenner deserve especial mention, particularly the fine, living portrait of Spencer Trask, Esq., which is modeled with a nervous delicacy, yet withal instinct with force and character, revealing the astuteness and native caution lying under the amiable good nature of the man. *A Head: Marble*, by Charles Grafly, was another notable piece of sculpture, by reason of its fine modeling and masterly execution. *The Dancer*, by Miss Eberle, and the *Sitting Puma*, by Arthur Putnam, both reveal newcomers of great force and ability, whose work adds much of interest to the exhibition, as does the fine portrait head of John La Farge, Esq., by Edith Woodman Burroughs, while the productions of Roth, Proctor, Konti, Kitson, Humphreys, MacNeil, Harvey and Louis Potter are too well known to need separate mention.

J. N. L.

THE Bulletin of the Pennsylvania Museum announces that the Museum is now in possession of the most representative collections of glass and ceramics ever brought together. Glass beads manufactured at Jamestown, Va., in 1621 are included.

Society of Western Artists

THE THIRTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF WESTERN ARTISTS BY MAUDE I. G. OLIVER

TO SET a goal ahead, to stand for a principle, to work earnestly for steady, positive improvement are vital elements in the personnel of that determined body known as the Society of Western Artists. Their goal is ambitious—how ambitious only the limitations of individual ability will decide, since, in time, they hope to crystallize a type of art that will represent the American school. Their principle is worthy, being a concerted plan of cooperation in furthering the best that is in the middle section of the country. Their improvement is constant, it is healthy, it is cogent. That their advance has been definite during the twelve years of their existence may be judged through a casual comment by a Chicago painter who has lived abroad practically since the society was founded. "Really," said she, "this is a first-class exhibition, dignified and sound. Its importance is truly a revelation to me, I'll admit, for I left here when the organization was struggling out its infantile existence. Consequently, I cannot but remember it as it appealed to me then. In the interim it certainly has made wonderful strides."

A single instance of the loyalty that is felt by the members concerning the movement is demonstrated through the presence of the large canvas by William A. Harper, *The Mid Days of Autumn*. Prior to the opening of the show Mr. Walter M. Clute, secretary of the society, enjoyed the opportunity of viewing the entire output of Harper's brush for the past year. The painting in question appealed to Mr. Clute as the most noteworthy achievement in the collection. He advised its author, therefore, to retain it for the Western

show. This suggestion was followed without hesitation. The picture is a noble production, full of expanse, full of light and scintillating color. In it the painter has distinguished himself in a work which is his own unmistakably, but which differs from his customary performance. It demonstrates the unfolding of an individual style into an accomplished manner which is a welcome variation of the impressionistic formula. The same dazzling effect of varicolored light that is managed by the impressionist through the labored application of innumerable dots has been obtained by Mr. Harper through a bigger sweep of paint. The method utilized appears to be a loading of the brush with several colors at once and then applying them freshly with a light stroke. Another work by this artist, *October in France*, contains much of the same character as that described previously, but it falls short of that which makes the former notable.

The present year inaugurates the award of a silver medal by the Wednesday Club, of St. Louis, for the best single picture in the exhibition. It is tendered this season to Ethel Mars, of Springfield, Ill. Miss Mars possesses an exceedingly clever execution. In fact, the jury must have found difficulty in determining which of the two strange types of women in her canvases—*Woman with a Jaguar* and *Woman with a Monkey*—was the more skillfully suggested. The latter was the successful work. Decorative, absolutely tonal, characteristic,



HOPE HILL, QUEBEC

BY ALSON S. CLARK

Society of Western Artists



A HILLSIDE

BY CHARLES FRANCIS BROWNE

this painting expresses a strength and an originality that are thoroughly praiseworthy. The *Woman with a Jaguar* is the more daring theme; it is more unusual and the soft, dull reds in its color arrangement create an agreeable harmony. As a whole, the picture is unpleasant, except in regard to the interpretation of a type. Consequently, every detail of the work is drawn in consideration of the baneful eyes of the woman.

Turning to a more wholesome, more peaceful theme of expression in the two autumn essays by Charles Francis Browne, we note the twin winners of the "Fine Arts Building Prize" of \$500. In these works pleasing russets, veiled in October hazes, give the impression of warmth, subdued and restrained by the artist's fancy. *A Hillside*, depicting the fringed slope of a hill, beyond which a glimpse of a river is seen in the distance, soon found a purchaser, probably to make of it a home furnishing. Certainly, it is one with which any person would enjoy living. It is facile, refreshing and refined. Its companion piece, *Autumn*, is a demonstration of what a carefully considered process of selection and elimination can do in an almost hopeless landscape, as far as composition is concerned. A mass of trees, all in the same plane—the possibility of distance thus being eliminated—together with a bit of weedy foreground, was the rather unpromising material from which Mr. Browne's happy arrangement was derived.

Of all the Middle West men perhaps no particu-

lar one has evinced so much growth within the last few years as has Otto Stark. Five canvases from his brush are contained in the present exhibition—five interpretations of nature's moods. *Sky Wings*, an interesting example, presents streaks of subdued rose across the heavens. *Storm Clouds* is a more tonal description, showing, beyond the horizontal bands of clouds, upward shooting rays of

light. Hollyhocks, cutting into the lower confines of *The Pergola*, a picture of much freshness and charm, assist in fixing the scale of proportion for the perspective. The grass in the open clearing beyond the pergola, half-smothered in climbing leafage, still further on, is consistent in space relations.

Walter Marshall Clute, whose home is a remodeled barn out in Park Ridge, is devoting his most serious work at present to seductive nooks in the hospitable living-room of "The Birches." *The Child in the House*, an interior in which little Marjory Clute is seen through an open door, and her mother is represented in a low chair in the big room, is one of the happiest productions in this vein. Refinement of execution, fortunately selected colors and intelligent arrangement are characteristic elements of this sincere painter's style.

Mr. Pattison, another member of the Park Ridge fraternity, presents what is regarded as his best performance in *Tranquillity*. Poetic feeling, as well as decorative quality and an innate response to truth, signalizes this work. Occupying the foreground of the picture, tall, spindling trees constitute vertical lines for the neutralizing of the horizontals. A remarkable green and a surprising pink or tan in the grass and the bare ground form the strips of horizontal coloring. Wilson H. Irvine, in his description of *On the River Aven, France*, presents one of his most characteristic canvases. *The Sunny Valley*, from the brush of Lucie Hart-

Society of Western Artists

rath, is something more than mere photographic delineation. There is a vigor in Miss Hartrath's rendition, as observed also in her *Sunlight and Shadow*, that is convincingly true and sincere. In *The Sunny Valley* some exception has been taken to the intensity of color recorded in the stream, but one would suggest, rather, that the depth of color is not so much the objection as its crudity. Blue is a particularly unsympathetic color if it is not modified by blendings from its surrounding hues. Still, the blue in *The Sunny Valley* is not unpleasant. The distance is nicely managed, a few mullen stalks in the foreground emphasizing the effect. Two children in the middle distance impart a human interest to the subject. Soft, brownish green trees huddled together, overlooking the water, in Frank V. Dudley's *Along the Nippersink* set the keynote for the harmonic scale of the work. Alson Clark, who has recently produced a clever series descriptive of picturesque Quebec, expresses unusual forcefulness in his *Hope Hill, Quebec*. Eugenie Fish Glamna is always sound in her careful portrayal of animals. In *Winter Quarters* shows her at her best. Albert C. Fauley, of Columbus, is going into marine painting in a big way. He is branching into very ambitious work in this line, of which his *Old Boats—Low Tide* is a representative example. *Smoky Hill Valley*, by Bertram C. Hartman, consists of innumerable spots placed in such a manner as not to appear confused. Looking from a height through the trunks of a few scattered trees the distant valley is unfolded in panoramic comprehensiveness. A soft, silvery haze floods the landscape, *After a Rain*, by L. H. Meakin. In this work the patch of robin's-egg blue, beginning to emerge from behind the clouds, introduces a most satisfying note. Edmund H. Wuerpel is unusually happy in his four canvases picturing

nature's quieter moods. *A Font for the Living, a Tomb for the Dead* is more decorative than that which is usually seen from Mr. Wuerpel's brush. Large, flat masses of dark foliage support the monumental lines of a marble tomb, grayed in the veil of night. The large canvas, *A Twilight Symphony*, presents an ensemble that is serene yet not cold, rich yet not heated. The thick mass of trees at the right vies with the feathery sapplings at the left for the observer's admiration. The gentle haze of autumn pervades the open clearing in a wooded landscape which T. C. Steele designates as *A Vision of Morning*. *Blue and Gray* represents J. Ottis Adams's conception of a color harmony as applied to a weather-beaten mill by a flowing brook. Tawny sand, a blue stream and transparent shadows among the distant objects are notable characteristics of Clinton A. Wheeler's contribution, *Along the Creek*. Augusta Finkelburg, of



THE CHILD IN THE HOUSE

BY WILLIAM MARSHALL CLUTE

Society of Western Artists



THE BEECHES

BY AUGUSTA FINKELBURG

St. Louis, has so arranged the trunks of *The Beeches* as to occupy important space relations with the oblong of her picture. Deep green is the dominant color. *Under the Apple Trees* is an impressionistic performance entered by William Forsyth in which the unifying color is red, distributed in various spots of interest. A red barn is the largest spot and this is balanced by the distant fence, the little girl's dress and the toy cart.

As a whole, the exhibition is not a figure display. Indeed, the percentage of landscapes is very nearly inclusive of the entire number of entries. Comprised among the portrait contributions is *An Heirloom*, the work of Caroline D. Wade. The oddly tinted silk gown in 1860 cut inspires the title. However, the faithful bit of character delineation offered in the quaint face of the girl is not overshadowed by her apparel. *A Scheme in Brown* issues from the studio of Nicholas R. Brewer. A pretty girl in brown in a Morris chair is the subject. She is drawn against a brown background, the monotony of the tonality being relieved by a touch of

pink at the neck of the sitter. C. G. Waldeck offers a good portrait, besides three other figure interpretations. His *Soap Bubbles* is a chic performance depicting a small girl in white, a pink-dressed dolly in her arm, seated on a low stool. The girl herself and her glistening bubble, toward which her interest centers, are surrounded by a ground of contrasting darkness. Adam Emory Albright is represented by three characteristic canvases of ruralurchins, among them *A South Wind*, showing a boy with his kite already flown and a girl behind him, her head bowed intent upon the business of launching her own kite.

Referring to children, the peasant *Mother and Child* from the water-color brush of Alice Schille is but another of this gifted artist's appealing descriptions of intimate domestic life. Invariably, one feels a sense of weariness at sight of a stereotyped theme from any artist, however excellent, and yet Miss Schille's work establishes itself as an exception to this rule. Her skilful technique is always a new source of admiration. And, too, her little bundles of humanity are such adorably helpless mites that they all appear as absolutely fresh problems

of loving interest. In this exhibition, nevertheless, Miss Schille delights us in an unaccustomed rôle, but with her usual spontaneity of viewpoint.

Etchings in the Middle West are becoming constantly more numerous. At the same time they are continually improving in standard of quality.

The sculpture examples are principally in the form of photographic records. Nellie V. Walker, in her fragments from that lofty conception, *Her Son*, demonstrates the human tenderness with which she animates her productions. Fragments from the impressive group by Lorado Taft, which the author calls *The Blind*, are effectively represented. A small figure with a mantle thrown back from the shoulders is a seriously executed work by Clara Sorensen. It is catalogued as *Meditation*. Clement J. Barnhorn, in his praiseworthy *Bust of Mr. Frank Duveneck*, has struck a note of truth that only the intimacy of close friendship can demonstrate. Further, the technique of this achievement is vigorous and big, as is that of all Mr. Barnhorn's performances.

The Ten American Painters



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SUMMER AFTERNOON

BY FRANK W. BENSON

daintiness together. For, though his palette is usually intense, he sees a delicacy in the fierce sunlight that beats upon the seashore in August—that is, his color is sharply vivacious. That his continued preoccupation with an unmuddled brush is not leading toward heaviness in his high-keyed contrasts is well suggested by the gentler mood displayed in the painting, *Evening Light*. Mr. Hassam, on the other hand, is, perhaps, letting his assured touch take on too heavy a quality. He has no need to do so, as he shows in the characteristic *Idyl* with two nude figures.

Among the landscapes Mr. Weir's *Corner of the*

Field, already referred to, is preeminent in its charm. It is one of the best things he has done. It has the smack of nature, carrying some of the quiet of the unpretentious earth and its inexplicable comfort.

THE TEN AMERICAN PAINTERS

THE group of paintings by the Ten American Painters shown at the Montross Galleries numbered twenty-two, and maintained that level of interest which the visitor to these delightful annual views is accustomed to expect. J. Alden Weir, who was slightly represented last season, contributed seven, including an unusually delectable landscape called *A Corner of the Field*. Childe Hassam sent four, Frank W. Benson three, William M. Chase and Robert Reid two, and the others one each. Of these Joseph De Camp's *The Blue Cup* was a deft piece of craftsmanship showing an interesting study in lights. Edmund C. Tarbell's unfinished *Girl Reading* was another of the pictures in which he has been for several years evoking a gracious reminiscence of Dutch brushes of an older day. While this painting recalls its immediate predecessors in the general design, the intended effect and the search for restrained color, it is even better. Though content not to make departures in manner, he is adding beauty to his art at each step. Mr. Benson's canvases are conceived with the vigor of outdoor light. He paints the choppy surface of an Atlantic inlet seen in the positive tones of high afternoon of a summer day, and prefers the unclouded sea. The parasol is coming to be almost a symbol of his aim, with its suggestion of glare and



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THE BLUE CUP

BY JOSEPH DE CAMP

The National Academy



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SUMMER IDYL

BY CHILDE HASSAM

Mr. Metcalf, too, knows how to portray the facts of the open air in a manner of authentic record. His *White Veil* is another study of the New England landscape under a screen of a snowfall, and is a transcript beautiful in its fidelity. Mr. Reid's *Wild Iris* is a satisfying and engaging piece of work. Mr. Dewing offered one of his untroubled exercises in a distinctive style in his *Yellow Tulips*, loaned by Mr. Charles L. Freer. Mr. Chase sent an accomplished still life, *The Wind Mill Etching*.

THE RECENT EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY BY J. NILSEN LAURVIK

THE recent exhibition of the National Academy of Design maintained its past standard of quality, firmly established through eighty-four exhibitions of a similar character. This last exhibition of the Academy constituted a sort of affirmation of the fact that it is one of the few remaining institutions in New York whose procedure is equable and fixed, maintaining the continuity of its tradition, unaffected by the mutability of life. After a prolonged absence one may return here with the assurance of finding its real character

unchanged by the passing years. Even the men whose work you admire and lingered over some ten or twenty years ago are still there (as for example: Mr. Bridgman, J. G. Brown, F. S. Church and Bolton H. Jones), their glory undiminished by time, for an academician never dies, at least figuratively speaking—the National Academy precludes all possibility of so dire a calamity overtaking its possessor. Therefore, not a few of us viewed with considerable apprehension its recent attempt to assume a position incompatible with its long-established policy, and it may well be that many who opposed this proposed change did so out of consideration for the younger generations who need just such an institution as the National Academy of Design, where they may study the traditions of the past whose work must always give pause to the overebullient and too progressive spirits of the present. No great art has ever been achieved without the presence of such a conservative element, and for the Academy to forsake its ways and enter into the active arena of revolutionary experiment, which is eminently the sphere of the young and irresponsible, would nullify its past and present usefulness. It is to be hoped that this ambitious attempt to appear something that it is not was nothing more than a sporadic deflection from its accustomed path, probably caused by the alluring sounds of the passing procession that



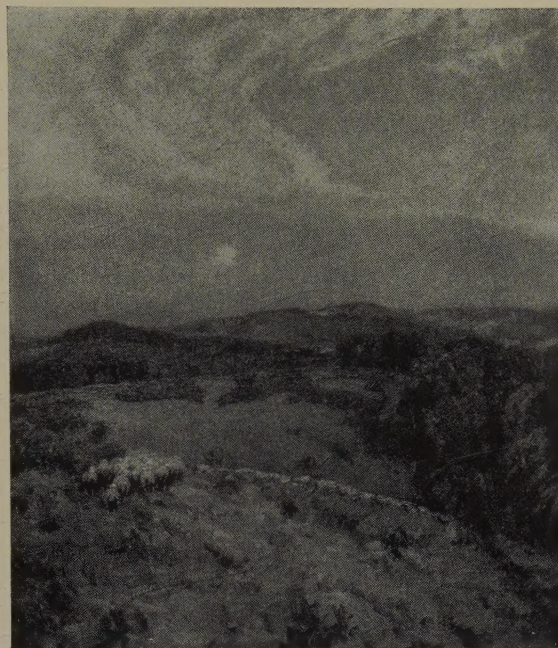
THE QUIET CORNER

BY IRVING R. WILES

The National Academy

have penetrated from the outer world into its inner sanctum.

As indicative of the historical continuity of its policy one greeted with especial interest the contribution by Mr. J. G. Brown, N.A., whose picture called *American Farmer* was rightly accorded the first place in the catalogue with a half-tone reproduction of it on the opposite page. In this canvas Mr. Brown has departed from his old haunts and depicted for his public, long familiar with newsboys and bootblacks, a sturdy young farmer leaning on a pitchfork with his dog seated beside him, both intent on some distant object—perhaps Mr. Patten coming up the road. In this canvas Mr. Brown shows the first baneful influences of the impressionists in painting the shadows on the boots of his farmer a diluted purple, which makes the distant mountains look like washed-out blue jeans. Reverting to past times and manners are the pictures by E. L. Henry, N.A., and the lamented W. Verplanck Birney, A.N.A., whose canvas called *A Twice-Told Tale* shows a convivial gathering of three old bachelors listening to the tale of one of their number. This is painted with all of the old-time interest in accessories of cut glass, polished silver and old mahogany, no detail of which escaped the watchful eye of this artist, who was an excellent example of the anecdotal painter of the old school. At no exhibition held elsewhere in this country has one the opportunity to see work such as this, and that alone is sufficient to make the Academy exhibitions unique in the annals of contemporary art. Re-



Inness Gold Medal, 1909

EARLY MOONRISE

BY BEN FOSTER

moved from this in treatment though somewhat related to it in subject is a canvas such as *After the Ball*, by Charles Bittinger, which expresses the past in terms of the present. But the obvious subject, possessed of a certain quaint charm in itself, seems nevertheless to have been used as a pretext for certain experiments in light and color, in which the effect of the lamp light on the figures

of the two young women in ball gowns and the suggestion of the out-of-door light of approaching dawn through the high leaded window become the real theme of the picture. This has been accomplished with so much understanding of the value and character of light as to take this picture out of the realm of the anecdotal into the domain of modern, experimental art, which is endeavoring to rid itself of rules and formulas. In a sense it is the link between the old and the new, making certain concessions to the public demand for a "subject" while advancing along the progres-



HARBOR AT BOULANGER

BY E. W. REDFIELD

The National Academy

sive lines of modern technique. By comparison with some of the other prize pictures it was more than deserving of the Halgarten Second Prize awarded to it.

The Julia Shaw Prize was this year given to A. Albright Wigand for a harmony in blue called *Woman in Blue*. The Halgarten Prize went to Ben-Ali Haggin for his full-length figure called *Elfrida*, which, by reason of its clever, supple technique, was one of the most instantly compelling canvases in the show; but it lacked something of the depth of visualization that gave distinction to his portrait of Mme. Hanako. Opposed to the foregoing in treatment was the portrait of Miss H. H., by Wm. Sergeant Kendall, N.A., which is the most stiff, lifeless and formal piece of work that has so far come from his hand. Near this hung Wilhelm Funk's fine portrait of Mr. John A. Qualy, which was one of the most vital, interesting portraits in the exhibition, easily giving him a place in the forefront of contemporary portrait painters.

The more nearly an exhibition approaches the dead level of mediocrity the more certain will one be of carrying away a strong and lasting impression of the work done by the landscape painters. This was uncommonly true of the exhibition under review, which only served to confirm the preeminent position of this branch of art in this country. Nothing better illustrative of this has been shown here recently than the *Morris Heights*, by Ernest Lawson, which again reveals him as one of our biggest landscape painters. This view of his old stamping grounds shows a bit of the Harlem River, with its blue-green water, cluttered with soggy, disintegrating ice cakes, through which a small tug is pushing its way, streaking the heights in the background with its smoke, which makes a tell-

ing note of color against the snow-covered hills dotted with their little buildings. In color and handling it is one of Mr. Lawson's finest things, and in the best sense of the word is the poetry of reality presented with unerring skill and sympathy. His *Harlem River from Washington Heights* was not quite as successful, being somewhat spotty and confused in interest which results from sticking too close to the facts of nature. In this respect Mr. Redfield displays an admirable sense of selection, strikingly exemplified in his *Cedar Hill*, which showed a wide sweep of winter landscape, austere simple in composition and painted with a sonorous, crisp touch that is very refreshing. His influence is fast beginning to make itself felt, especially in the work of the younger men, who are approaching more and more the frank, rugged rendering of nature which is his peculiar characteristic.

The Thos. B. Clarke Prize was this year awarded to Lydia F. Emmet for her canvas *Playmates*.



CALYPSO

BY WILLIAM COTTON





"AN ANCIENT FORT IN SUFFOLK."
BY FREDERICK GEORGE COTMAN, R.I.

(Diploma Drawing, Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours.)